SEYMOUR DAILY REPUBLICAN.

VOLUME XXXIII NO. 321 SEYMOUR, INDIANA, MONDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1908. PRICE TWO CENTS

AUTO ACCIDENT

Machine Strikes Horse And Breaks Leg.

A serious automobile accident occurred on the Millport road one mile southwest of Vallonia Saturday afternoon. Mrs. Logan Robinson and Pauline Summa where driving south in a buggy when they met an automobile. The machine seems to have been running at a rapid speed and the horse became frightened.

Thewomen were evidentlyexcited and the result was a collision. The machine struck the horse and broke the animals fore leg The horse is said to have been valued at $100 or more.

A man and a woman were the only occupants of the auto. At Brownstown the man gave his name as L. W. Sanders and claimed his home was at South Bend. Here he gave his name as David Willheime and his home as Chicago. After the accident the strangers stopped at Brownstown for awhile and later made a rapid run to Seymour where they put up for the night On information received by telephone he was arrested here on the charge of fast driving. He pleaded guilty and was fined by Mayor Kyte $25 and costs which amounted to $35.-80. He paid the fine and they remained here till about nine o'clock Sunday morning.

The officers here were not ordered to hold them for damage on account of the horse and they were allowed to proceed. It is said that the case has been put in the hands of some of the attorneys at Brownstown.

Annual Banquet.

The annual banquet of the Jackson County Bar Association brought most of the lawyers of the county to this city Saturday evening. The banquet was at the New Lynn and Landlord Dobbins prepared an elaborate menu for the lawyers. Thos. M. Honan, president of the Bar Association, was toastmaster and made a happy speech. About every lawyer present was called upon and responded in a manner fitting the occassion.

Sunday School Reports.

	ATTENDANCE	COLLECTION
Methodist	248	3 99
Baptist	254	4 87
Presbyterian	108	2 61
German Methodist	88	1 46
Central Christian	84	1 56
Nazarene	64	3 96
St. Paul	60	1 38
Woodstock	31	1 07
Total	937	$20 90

MARRIED.

FARRELL-FREEMAN.

Miss Carrie Freeman who has been associated in the millinery business here witn her sister, Mrs. Leas, was married to Louis Farrell at Greenwood today.

Try a Want Ad in The REPUBLICAN

DIED.

BROWN:—Elias D. Brown died at the home of his daughter, Mrs J. W. Browning, at Clinton, Ill, at 7:30 Sunday evening, Dec. 13. His health had been declining for over a year. He had been with his daughter for several months. The deceased was born at Cortland, Nov. 12, 1841, and was the son of Jacob and Lettie Ann Brown. His mother survives him, though she is past ninety-three years of age. Besides his aged mother he leaves two daughters, Mrs. Columbus Robertson, of Cortland, and Mrs. J. W. Browning, of Clinton, Ill. One brother, Geo R. Brown, resides at Sullivan, Illinois. His early life was spent on the farm. When a young man he clerked in Brown & Findley's store in this city. Something over twenty years ago he was appointed county recorder to fill an unexpired term of about one year. In 1888 he was elected sheriff and reelected in 1890, but resigned the office in 1891 to become the cashier of the Seymour National Bank which position he held for ten years or more, rendering efficient service. He then became the cashier of the People's State Bank of Brownstown and continued there until the bank closed in August 1907. In every position he held he proved his capability, at all times doing good and honest work. Most everybody in the county knew him and he enjoyed the full confidence of the people. He was a member of the Masonic lodge in Seymour and the Knights of Pythias at Brownstown.

The remains will arrive at 5:45 this evening on the Pennsylvania train and will be taken to the home of his daughter, Mrs. Columbus Robertson, at Cortland where the funeral will be conducted at 1 o'clock p. m. Tuesday by the Rev. Harley Jackson. Burial at Riverview cemetery.

CARROLL—Word has been recieved here announcing the death of Miss Stella Carroll in Cincinnati las Thursday, December 10th. Her death was quite sudden and was the result of hearth trouble. She suffered a severe attack of typhoid three years ago which left her with a weak heart. She was 21 years of age and was a cousin of Mrs. Willian M. Willman, of this city. Her sister Miss Lillie Carroll, was here to attend the funeral of Miss Katie Honan and returned home a week ago Saturday. Her sister, Miss Anna Carroll, has also visited relatives here and made a number of acquaintances in this city. The funeral occurred at Cincinnati Monday.

Continued.

The petition which is before the county commissioners for paving Ewing street from Second to Ninth street was not acted upon last week. It was continued until the January term when it will be further considered. The commissioners will hold a special session December 28 and 29 to clean up some business that should be disposed of before the end of the year.

Send THE WEEKLY REPUBLICAN to that distant relative or friend for a Christmas gift—only $1.00 for a whole year—fifty-two letters from home.

CASH PRIZES

Will Attract Display at The Farmers Institute at Kurtz.

Next Saturday is the date of the Farmers' Institute at Kurtz and the people of that vicinity are preparing for a big day. There will be a display of farm products and below is a list of premiums offered:

America Bower, 50 cts., best pound butter.

America Bower, 50 cts., best can apple butter.

W. H. Kindred, 25 cts., largest pumpkin.

Chas. Denny, 25 cts. largest squash.

J. R. Bower, $1.00, best ½ bu. corn.

Daniel Elkins, 25 cts., nicest glass grape jelly.

Huston Kindred, 25 cts., nicest glass apple jelly.

Charles Armbruster, 50 cts., best can peaches.

Stacy Fleetwood, 25 cts., best can cherries.

W. H. Bower, $1.00, best ½ bu. clover seed.

Ira Fleetwood, dress pattern to oldest lady present.

Miss L. C. Armbruster, 25 cts., best pear preserves.

Samuel Wray, 25 cts., best can gooseberries.

J. L. Hinkle, dinner at New Bower hotel, to oldest married couple present.

Busk Spurgeon, 25 cts., best ½ dozen ears popcorn.

Granville Elkins, 50 cts., best ½ dozen home grown onions.

Rider & Emmons, cap to oldest man present.

O. E. Hedrick, 25 cts., best can quince honey.

C. E. Sims, M. D., 50 cts., best can pickled peaches.

Wm. Armbruster, $1 00, best ½ bu. oats.

John Reeves, 25 cts., best can cucumber pickles.

H. S. Armbruster, $1.00, best ½ bu. home grown potatoes.

Leannah Armbruster, 25 cts., best can pears.

L. A. Hornaday, $1.00, best ½ bu. of wheat.

William Deckard, 50 cts., largest ½ dozen hen eggs.

T. M. Callahan, 50 cts., best can strawberry preserves.

Jas. A. Callahan, $1.00, best ½ bu. green apples.

Buell Brown, butcher knife to the ugliest man.

Jas. M. Fleetwood, 50 cts., best plate of doughnuts.

All articles exhibited to remain the property of the exhibitors.

For Charity.

We are having many calls for assistance, for both clothing and food But since very little is given us we are compelled to turn many away, which we regret to do. The American Salvation Army is known the country over as a charitable organization but if the people do not give to us so that we may help the needy and often times relieve distress what can we do? We have no funds to draw from. If we had we would be only too glad to do so. We do not live off the people as some might think and as some have said we do. Neither do we draw a salary. Our service is entirely free. I have plenty of work at my trade and am not afraid to work. That is the way I support myself and family. All we ask is that we receive financial support sufficient to pay hall rent, light and fuel bills. I am sure this is not asking much. I often take from my own earnings to help some one less fortunate than myself. I make these statements because so many have sent to us for help. Any aid from those who can give will be appreciated. We will be glad to receive from those who desire to give to charity any cast off clothing, furniture, stoves, bed clothing, carpets, in fact anything will be accepted and put where it will do the most good.

Capt. and Mrs. Clark, corner of Brown and Poplar streets. New phone 354.

Next Meeting At Columbus.

During the session of the State Grange at Winona last week pictures of J. W. Holmes, Rev. Harley Jackson and Mrs. Oscar E. Carter, of this city, all of whom are officers of the State Grange appeared in the Warsaw Union. They report a great meeting. The session next year will likely be held at Columbus.

Baggage Transferred.

I can relieve you of heavy suit cases and parcels at the depots. Phone 468.
d19d ANDREW FOSTER.

Seesaws at the Bee Hive. d15d

Champion Rifle Shot.

Irvin Callaway, a member of Co. "E" 10th infantry now stationed at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, was in this city Saturday morning en route to Washington county to visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lafayette Callaway. Mr. Callaway is the champion rifle shot of his regiment. This is his second term of enlistment. During his first enlistment he saw service in the Phillipine Islands. He has a number of relatives and acquaintances in Seymour. He is now at home on a fifteen days furlough and will return to his duties on December 28th. He is well pleased with the service and says he expects to remain in the army his full term of thirty years. His younger brother, Charles Callaway, who was married a few weeks ago and who is also located at Ft. Benjamin Harrison, fell on the snow while drilling a few days ago and is now laid up in the hospital. There has been about four inches of snow on the ground at the fort for several days.

On to The Quarries.

It is the belief at Bloomington that the Illinois Central, which owns the Bloomington Southern railroad, will extend the same on south to Bedford this coming year The road now owns the right-of-way for this extension on all the land excepting a small strip. At present this road only reaches the edge of the stone quarry district. As the amount of stone hauled from the Bedford quarries is large it makes the strongest item of business for the railroads that tap that district and no road can afford to build within twenty-five miles of the center of the district and stop. It is believed if the extension is made that it will result in opening new quarries in the southern part of Monroe county that have never been developed.

Killed by Train.

Stephen Coans, a farmer residing about five miles northwest of Bloomington in Monroe county, was struck by a Monon accommodation train Friday afternoon and instantly killed. Mr. Coans, who was about fifty years of age, was on his way home from Bloomington and was within about two miles of home when he was run down by the train. He was wearing a cap, which was pulled down over his ears. This was probably responsible for his failure to hear the train as it blew for the crossing. The farmer and his horse were badly mangled and the buggy was dragged for a quarter of a mile before the train came to a stop. There is a cut where the accident occurred.

Notice to Masons.

Special meeting of Jackson Lodge at the hall tomorrow afternoon at 1:30 to participate in the burial of Brother Elias D. Brown at Riverview cemetery.

C. D. BILLINGS, W. M.

Nice line of fancy boxes and manicure sets at the Bee Hive. d15d

Judge Joseph H. Shea was a passenger to Indianapolis this morning.

It is Creating a Wonderlul Stir Here.

People all over the town are talking about the wonderful good Root Juice is doing in this community, as it has made many remarkable cures during the past few months. A well known lady who for social reasons does not want her name published, said: "I had been in poor health for several years. The doctors gave me medicine for catarrh of the stomach, gastric ulcers, indigestion, dyspepsia and stomach troubles generally, but I derived no benefit. My appetite was variable—sometimes hungry as a wolf, then sickening at the mere thought of food. I was subject to dizzy spells and sick headache. I was thin, weak, despondent and nervous, and had to take some kind of medicine all the time on account of my badly constipated condition. A lady friend told me that she had suffered very much as I did, but tha Root Juice had completely cured her, so I concluded to try it, and before I had used the first bottle I was rapidly improving in every way. I continued taking the truly great medicine about six weeks, and if there is anything the matter with me now I don't know it. I now enjoy my food and digest it. I sleep well. I am no longer constipated, weak or nervous, and have plenty of flesh and strength." Such good reports of the great medicine are being heard all over town. It is sold for one dollar a bottle or three bottles for two dollars and a half. Those who are interested can learn of many of the wonderful things it is doing by going to W. F. Peter's drug store.

Xmas Post Cards at T. R. Carter's.

Right Now

RIGHT NOW is the time to select that Gift for the twenty-fifth. Select some article of Jewelry from the numerous good quality articles we have here. Diamonds, Bracelets, Clocks, Watches, Gold Buttons, Hat Pins, Rings, Fobs, Scarf Pins, Spoons, Knives and Forks and hundreds of other articles at lowest prices.

J. G. LAUPUS

JEWELER

No. 1 N. Chestnut St.

Preservation Of Forests.

There is a great movement under way throughout the United States today. It is the marshaling of public sentiment for the preservation of the forests. We used to think that the great American forests were inexhaustible. And they were, for the generation in which our grandfathers lived. People of that day had all the wood they wanted to burn. But since their time we have been doing so many things with wood, besides using it for fuel, that forests of trees have fallen before the woodman's ax where one tree fell before. There are a dozen commercial purposes for wood which have developed today. It is used in the making of pails and of dishes. And absolutely acres of trees are fed each day into the printing-presses that turn out the great newspapers.

We are now using as much wood in a single year as grows in three, and there is only twenty years' supply of virgin growth in sight.

It is this situation that calls for the application of the science of forestry. —January Delineator.

Children Should Play.

Children should be taught to play because play is the natural expression of a child, says Elizabeth Burchenal in the January NEW IDEA WOMAN'S MAGAYINE. It is primarily the child's birthright, the inheritance it should never have lost. When the children of a country have forgotten how to play, the deathknell of that country will have been sounded.

The saddest thing in the world is the man or woman who lacks a happy childhood to look back upon and to gather inspiration from for the hard places of life. It is one of the most significant things for good in this country that everywhere the children are being helped and protected. In no other country in the world is childhood such a sacred thing as in America.

Dolls, doll carts and shoeflys at the Bee Hive. d15d

Sprenger's barber shop is the best

MRS. W. T. BURNS

National Correspondent of W. R. C., Suffered From Nervousness And a General Breakdown—Caused by a Cold. Restored to Health by Vinol.

"I caught a severe cold which it seemed impossible to get rid of. I became much run down, lost my appetite and flesh and felt nervous and irritable. Vinol was recommended, and certainly worked wonders for me; it increased my appetite and cured my cough and nervousness. I consider Vinol a wonderful remedy." Mrs. W. T. Burns, Memphis, Tenn.

Many people are in just her condition—all run down, hardly able to drag about, don't know what ails them. This is probably caused by a cold or cough which is hard to cure, overwork or too close confinement to business, and such people need Vinol.

Vinol is not a patent medicine, but contains the medicinal curative elements found in fresh cods' livers, with all the oil eliminated and tonic iron added.

We ask every run down, nervous, debilitated, aged or weak person in this place, and every person suffering from stubborn colds, hanging-on coughs or bronchitis, to try Vinol on our offer to return money if it fails to give satisfaction. W. F. Peter Drug Co., Seymour.

M. E. Missionary Society.

The Woman's Home Missionary Society of the M. E. Church will meet Tuesday Dec. 15 at 2:30 p. m. with Mrs. Harry C. Jones, of North Ewing street. All members are urged to be present.

MRS. KELSA BOTTORFF, Secy.

Parker Lucky Curve fountain pens at T. R. Carter's.

Pictures at T. R. Carter's

Richart

Buy Your Shoes at a Shoe Store

X-mas Is Near

And what is more useful than a nice pair of Shoes or a comfortable pair of House Slippers, something that everybody can wear. And what is more artistic than a neatly dressed foot. You buy the best footwear at

RICHART'S

Opposite Interurban Station

Majestic Theatre

TONIGHT

VAUDEVILLE and Motion Pictures

BALLARD AND LYNCH,

Comic Acrobats, Trick House and Juggling.

PICTURES:—"The Mystery of the Bride in White" and "Unlucky Trousers"

ILLUSTRATED SONG:—"While You Are Mine" By Miss Bessie Chapman.

Admission 5 Cents

SEYMOUR DAILY REPUBLICAN

SMITH & REMY, Publishers.

SEYMOUR, - - INDIANA.

Chicago has a Sane Fourth Association. There is time for other cities to get into line.

In Germany the movement for the suppression of superfluous noises might be diagnosed as a form of lese majeste at the present time.

New York's Madison Square Garden structure is referred to as a "white elephant." A Stanford White elephant describes it to a t.

The gold output of the Rand for October was 617,744 fine ounces, worth $13,137,000. This ought to help to grease the wheels of the world's trade.

The drought in Mammoth Cave is something that can be alleviated in the usual manner. That on the surface, even in Kentucky, is a matter of greater import.

The interest in forestry in the United States is widespread. Though West Virginia has not suffered from denudation so much as some of the other sections, Senator Elkins has given an order to a genealogist to get him up a family tree.

The equipment of a locomotive with a wireless telegraphy outfit, at the Omaha shops of the Union Pacific railroad, is a development of etherial communication which has possibilities in the direction of safety for passengers and train hands.

Shall women smoke? The summer house in Battery Park, New York, which cost $17,000, and was consumed on election day, was accidentally set on fire by a woman cigarette smoker. Is not the fire loss large enough with smoking practically conned to men?

It's the way Chinese names are printed in English that makes them look so queer. Tszu Hsze An wouldn't startle anyone if it were spelled about as it sounds. But "Susie Ann" would have been a mild designation for the Chinese dowager empress if she was half as terrible as rumor alleged.

Secretary of State Frear's revelations in regard to the scalp bounty payments accuses hunters of "skinning" Wisconsin taxpayers as well as the pates of the animals for whose slaying the state pays a reward. This has long been more than suspected, and now the authorities must be alert to circumvent the dishonest hunters.

It is attributed to King Edward's intervention that the management of the International Motor Show about to be opened in London announces that it will not exhibit racing cars or permit the display of notices relating to that class of machines. The King is an enthusiastic lover of automobiling, but he decries racing as calculated to promote the mania for speed which endangers life.

No wonder that the English government has equipped an expedition to study means for exterminating the tse-tse fly. The sleeping sickness, attributed to the stab of this insect, first made its appearance in the English protectorate of Uganda in 1901. At that time the native population in the afflicted district numbered 300,000, and since then no fewer than 200,000 have been swept away.

Edith Williams of Plymouth, Pennsylvania, 9 years of age, fell from a fence five years ago and fractured her skull. The child was mentally deranged until last week, when at the Mercy Hospital in Wilkesbarre physicians removed a fragment of bone which had been pressing upon the brain. Now it is reported that her mind is clear. What a pity that the operation was not performed five years ago!

The wife of Charles W. Morse, the New York banker whose plunging wrecked his bank, stopped at a small restaurant, after visiting him in the Tombs prison, and bought a twenty-five cent dinner of soup and roast chicken, which she sent to him by her stepson. If the truth could be known, he probably ate it with as much relish as he partook of Lucullian feasts that he purchased with the proceeds of his ill-gotten gains as a plunger.

On the ground that he desires to be treated as a private citizen, President Roosevelt has declined the freedom of the government shooting preserves in Africa tendered him by the British Colonial office. But when his term at Washington is over, the courteous offer might be made not to the ex-President, but to the author of "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman," "Ranch Life and Hunting Trail," "The Wilderness Hunter," and other works familiar to devotees of sport with the gun.

"Indian Remains About Pewaukee" is the title of an illustrated lecture by Stanley G. Haskins, which will be delivered in the lecture room of the Milwaukee Public Museum next Monday evening, under the auspices of the Wisconsin Archaeological Society. The public will be welcome. Much interest is felt in the vestiges of the aborigines which abound in eastern Wisconsin. The Archaeological Society, with the assistance of its indefatigable secretary and curator, Charles E. Brown, is entitled to no little credit for what it is doing to give this interest intelligent direction.

Germany has a tax problem on her hands which will give her legislators a great deal of trouble. The latest suggestion is a tax on artificial illumination. It is not always the man who uses the brightest light that can afford to pay the highest tax. By discouraging the free use of light at night a nation might produce conditions unfavorable to the eyesight of its people. The Germans are already a spectacle-wearing nation. An ultimate result of the proposed new tax might be to impair Germany's efficiency in war. If sufficient stress is laid on this phase of the light tax problem by opponents of the measure in the Reichstag the proposition will be doomed.

In advocating the cutting of a canal across the state of Florida, near the northern boundary, to connect the Atlantic ocean with the Gulf of Mexico and thus extend the intercoastal waterways of the ocean and gulf, the Gulf Coast Waterways Convention in session at Columbus, Georgia, notifies the advocates of waterway improvement that there are projects which desire to share public money and popular interest with the proposed Mississippi valley ocean highway. The intercoastal canals are practical and strategic, and the problems incident to their construction are simple in comparison with those of the great river project, which is involved in much doubt because of the erratic nature of the stream.

The Russian Caviar Company of New York points to the decline in the production of that relish, and declares that thousands of people have been deprived of employment in the United States by the destruction of fishing due to a lack of uniformity in the fishing laws of the various states of the Union in the waters of which sturgeon have heretofore been freely taken. From 1870 to 1900 the American fisheries supplied the world, with the exception of Russia, with a large amount of salted caviar, but since 1904, owing to the almost total failure of the American sturgeon fisheries, Russian caviar fishers have been packing the product for the world's markets.

A British steamer fitted with the Schlick gyroscope to prevent rolling has demonstrated the success of the contrivance. When the gyroscope is not in motion her angle of roll at times is no less than 32 degrees—that is, she rolls down 16 degrees on each side—but when the gyroscope is set in motion her rolling decreases to a total angle of from 2 to 4 degrees. Transatlantic ships are now palatial floating palaces, which need only a smooth sea to make them as comfortable as hotels. If they can be steadied by a mechanical device as simple as the gyroscope, it may be expected that the big passenger steamers of the future will be able to advertise this convenience as an attraction for travelers who are subject to seasickness.

A judicial decision in Pennsylvania in regard to the rights of the public to the water of lakes and rivers is timely support for the movement in New York and elsewhere for more sanitary sewage disposal. The borough of West Chester has been mulcted to the extent of $1425 for damages resulting from the poisoning of a public watercourse with its sewage. The cost of the suit will swell this amount by an additional $1000. But it is not the amount of the damages that makes the case important; it is the judicial endorsement of the popular view that communities and industries have no right to pollute the waters of lakes or rivers. It gives the possessors of riparian rights ground from which to proceed against municipalities which convert streams into open sewers and thus makes them sources of danger.

First reports as to the cranberry crop were to the effect that there would be a shortage in the harvest this year. Higher prices were asked by the retailers for the first receipts, and consumers accepted them as a natural result of the alleged shortage. But later reports from the cranberry centers are more satisfactory. From Massachusetts the statement is made that the total yield of the Cape Cod and Plymouth county bogs will exceed 125,000 barrels, as against 111,165 barrels last year. If the situation has changed to that extent in other centers of cranberry culture the supply will be large and the prices ought to come down. Perhaps they will, and perhaps they won't. Of late years the retail dealers have been cultivating illogical independence which ignores supply altogether, and takes under consideration the factor of willingness to pay which dictates the charging of "all that the market will stand."

AN ACRE'S POSSIBILITIES.

Experiment to Be Made in Kansas to Test Its Yielding Capacity.

Work on one acre for demonstration purposes is to be started in September at La Bruyere, the Blue Ridge farm of the Brus brothers. The brothers have not decided finally what crops they will try to fill in the fall months, but probably they will plant spinach and late turnips or spinach, turnips and radishes. These products will bring high prices in the market when cold weather comes.

The Brus brothers agreed to set aside one acre of their farm to demonstrate the possibilities of that much ground. Spinach is the hardiest of late crops and sells readily, while the latest radishes are accepted in the city as delicacies. They expect to keep the special acre fully occupied until the time comes to set out plants grown in the hotbeds and greenhouses. This will start the next spring early.

From September 10 to the same date next year the acre will be yielding continually. Every item of expense and every cent received for the products from it will be recorded daily.

"The demonstration will be interesting," Eugene Brus said a few days ago. "We are giving the idea close attention because we cannot afford to miss one opportunity during the year. We are satisfied that our acres can be made to produce more than they do. We believe this special acre can be pushed to higher productivity than in the past and we shall try to get it to the highest point. Our record will show labor required and its cost; time used for each crop and the price and profit realized."—Kansas City Star.

The Parrot's Vocabulary.

An old lady after an absence from home was horrified to find that a favorite parrot had acquired a large vocabulary of oaths and she forthwith adopted strong measures to correct this objectionable habit. Whenever the bird transgressed he was summarily plunged into a bath of cold water and then left to smooth his ruffled plumage at the fireside. One wet afternoon, when the parrot had gone through this experience, his mistress found a poor little sparrow almost dying of exhaustion, at the back door, and began to feed it in a warm corner beside the fire. The parrot looked critically for some minutes and then called out to the tiny visitor, "Did you say d—, too?"—Dundee Advertiser.

AN UNSELFISH HERMIT.

'Tis sometimes good to be alone—
Deep thinkers frequently affirm it—
To seek some spot afar, unknown,
And dwell there as a very hermit.

For me, I'm not at all inclined
To frown on folks who go in hiding,
There to restore a tired mind,
Or to escape a world too chiding.

Indeed I think that loneliness,
Instead of, as some say, distressing,
Is often truly more or less
A source of comfort and a blessing.

But I'm no selfish wight, and so
When I'm alone I so prepare it,
I have a brown-eyed lass I know
Along with me—to share it.

—Blakeney Gray in Ainslee's.

A SURPRISE VISIT.

"Oh, dear!" said a voice with a suggestion of tears in it.

The young man paused- and let it be recorded to his credit that he had not seen her face.

She was a charming, though obviously distressed, little lady, as she stood at the half-open gate. She seemed for a moment taken aback as the light of the lamp fell on the young man's face. He had been walking deep in thought, and thought is a sign of age, and sits, perhaps, awkwardly upon the unaccustomed shoulders of youth. Observing her confusion, he sought to reassure her with a bow—a bow suggestive of white hair, even whiskers, unfortunately falsified on this particular night.

"Can I be of any assistance?" he murmured.

"I don't know what to do," she declared piteously

The young man endeavored to smile intelligently. It was the least, and for the moment the most, he could do.

"I've been ringing for nearly twenty minutes," she complained, "and they won't answer." Her tone created the impression that the inmates were sitting within, wondering what spiritual phenomenon was affecting the bell.

"You are sure it's the right house?"

"Of course—'53.' This is '53,' isn't it?"

Investigation proved that it was.

"I don't often make mistakes," said the young lady; she did not say it conceitedly—she merely mentioned it as a fact.

"You are not, perhaps, expected," suggested the young man, resting his hand on the gate.

"Not until tomorrow. I thought I would pay—my sister—a surprise visit tonight."

"That's the worst of surprises," he began; then it occurred to him that, though true enough, it was not, under the circumstances, particularly consoling. He paused.

"They must come home sooner or later," she said. "Thank you."

The young man received her bow of dismissal with dismay.

"But I can't leave you," he protested. "You mustn't dismiss me like that."

"I—I was releasing you," she said.

"I refuse to be released," he declared stubbornly.

Her smile now partook less of the nature of an effort.

"Thank you," she said. "I was so afraid you would go."

"What we have to do," he said briskly, concealing his gratification under a great show of energy, "is to get into the house." He eyed it as Agamemnon might have regarded Troy. "You can't wait here in the cold"—the atmosphere was almost suggestive of a thunder storm, but the dramatic instinct reeks little of such—"until your sister or the servants—I suppose they must be out, too—choose to come home."

"No," she agreed, placing her fate in his hands with simple confidence, "of course not."

"The point is, how to get in."

"Yes," she assented, "I've been trying for ever so long."

"We—that is to say, I—must break in."

"It's not as if it were a stranger's house," he said soothingly, in response to her gasp.

"But can you break in?"

"Modern window fastenings," explained the young man, who had recently read a newspaper paragraph on the subject, "are simply invitations to burglars."

He clambered on to the low balcony in front of the window, involving himself in a catastrophe of flower-pots as he did so.

The girl, with half-frightened admiration, observed him extract his knife, and by its means slip back the catch of the window. She watched him with whole-hearted admiration—such is the effect of success on the onlooker—as he raised the window, and, with a parting smile of encouragement, disappeared into the house.

"Do be careful," she called out, as a noise suggestive of an overturned table reached her ear.

Her warning, if heard, was unheeded, for the disturbance assumed cataclysmic proportions. Her feeling of alarm gave way to curiosity, and by the aid of a small Gladstone, which she dragged from the doorstep, she, in her turn, mounted the balcony.

"It's all right," gasped the voice of her deliverer, as she peered in at the window, "don't be"—his voice broke off suddenly, and a subdued struggle appeared to be taking place—"alarmed," he resumed presently, somewhat more breathlessly, "I've got him all right."

"Got whom?" she asked in bewilderment.

"If you could manage to climb in and light a match we could see."

"Climb in? Oh, I couldn't. Yes; all right, if you * * * all right."

A moment later she was by his side, and saw that he was kneeling on a prostrate and gasping man.

"It's a burglar," explained the young man; "we must tie him up. Have you a piece of rope?"

Her lack of the necessary article made the girl realize yet more vividly her helplessness in the crisis.

"Wait a moment." She darted out of the room, and the sound of a minor maelstrom in the next room gave promise of speedy assistance.

"Here you are," she said, running back, "it's a tablecloth. I'm afraid I've upset a lot of things, but it was so dark."

By the aid of this they partly bound, partly swathed, their captive into a condition of helplessness.

He lit the gas, and gazed at the floor with puckered brows.

"I say, you have made a mess here. I suppose it was their supper."

The girl turned to him with a despairing smile.

"I didn't know there was anything on the table," she said, "until I pulled the cloth off. It is awful, isn't it. One thing, Ethel is very good-tempered."

"Well, that's a good— What's the matter?"

The girl was staring around the room with bewilderment and alarm on her face.

"I—I," she began, and then paused. She took a candlestick from the sideboard and lit the candle at the gas. "Do you mind just coming to the foot of the stairs," she asked in trembling tones, "in case——"

When she came downstairs again she was very white, with two red patches on her cheeks.

"There's a workroom up there," she said, sinking into a chair. "That man was probably working there; that's why he didn't hear the bell."

"Working? queried her companion. "You don't mean——"

"Yes, I do. You saw the number was '53,' didn't you?"

"It's not the wrong house?"

She nodded dismally.

"'53, Claremont road,' I'm sure was the address, though," she added in self-exculpation.

"Claremont?" He gazed round the room, and his eye fell on an envelope on the sideboard. "I thought so—I wasn't sure. This is Benares road. Claremont is the next turning."

The girl started at him helplessly.

"Whatever shall I do?" she said in a frightened whisper. "That idiot of a cabman!" she added viciously.

"Under the circumstances," mused the young man, "to explain would be well, an unthankful task."

"But we must."

Her fellow housebreaker looked at her from the corner of his eye.

"Do you mean 'must' morally? Because, if not—the man in the next room is not likely to know us again."

The girl looked at him, gnawing the knuckle of her forefinger hesitatingly; then she rose stealthily to her feet.

* * * * *

"I hope," murmured the young man, as they let themselves out by the front door, "for the sake of our—er—host, the others won't be late getting home."—F. Harris Deans in London Sketch.

CLUMSY ALEUT CANOEISTS.

Alaskan Natives Who Do Not Know How to Handle Paddle.

"Did you ever see anything so absurd in your life?" The speaker was one of a group of tourists on the upper deck of a steamer from Seattle at Valdez, Alaska. He was pointing at a native in a skin covered canoe. The fellow would give two or three vigorous strokes with his paddle on one side of the boat, until she was headed way around, and then two or three on the other side, sending her equally off her course in the other direction. The merest novice at canoeing knows that you can hold a straight line by giving the paddle a little twist at the end of the stroke.

A little later the tourists saw an even more amazing sight. In another skin covered canoe were two more Aleuts. They would both paddle briskly on the same side of the boat for a short time and then both switch over to the other side. They kept the boat zigzagging as if she were sailing up a narrow channel against a strong head wind. If each had stuck to one side, they would have traveled twice as fast.

The second officer of the steamer happened along just then. "Look here," some one asked him. "Don't any of these natives know how to paddle a canoe? What about all these stories you hear of the skill of such people with the tools that earn their living?"

"I never saw an Aleut yet who knew how to paddle," said the second officer, "and I've been around these waters for twenty years. It's odd, too, because they are such daring seamen. They will go 200 miles in these baidarkies, as they call their canoes, sometimes out of sight of land for hours."

"What do they do in a seaway or a storm?"

"The canoes are decked over except for the round cockpit in which the men sit. When going on a long journey to hunt for fish they wear a garment which they call a camolinka. It's a kind of big, loose shirt that fits snugly at the neck and waist. It's of cotton cloth soaked in linseed oil to make it waterproof. When the Aleut gets into the boat he spreads this shirt outside the combing of the cockpit and ties a string or thong around it. The craft therefore doesn't ship a bit of water."

"Suppose it should turn over?"

"Oh, they usually drown."

COOKING CRANBERRIES.

Through ignorance of its true value, one of our American fruits is practically unknown to millions of our citizens. Many have never eaten them. Many have tried them only to be disappointed in them. Nearly all other fruits have this great advantage over the cranberry—they can be eaten raw, while the cranberry must be properly cooked, and that they are very seldom well cooked is very evident to anyone who knows what good cranberries are like.

Indeed, one who relishes the beautiful and palatable dishes that can be made from them cares nothing for them as they are generally prepared. Most people's idea of them is that they are very sour and take too much sugar. True, it takes lots of sugar to sweeten the sour dishes generally brought to the table, but when they are properly cooked they are more economical than other fruits, are very healthy, can be preserved or kept fresh longer than any other fruit and used the year round.

Many people eat cranberry sauce with turkey more because they are considered the proper condiment, than because they especially like them, but they are a very fine condiment for all meats.

One of the most important points in cooking them is to use only porcelain or earthern dishes, never use tin or metal, and they are better the day after they are cooked, but should be kept in glass or earthenware dishes.

The following recipe will be found very toothsome: One quart cranberries, one pound of sugar, one pint of water; boil the water and sugar together for five minutes, skim, add berries and cook slowly without stirring or burning until the berries are thoroughly cooked and tender. They can also be made into marmalade that can be sliced with a knife. Candied, they can hardly be told from candied cherries.

It pays to buy the best berries, and growers are beginning to realize that their best asset is to educate the public as to their true value and then get the fruit to the consumer in the best possible condition.

Cranberries should be kept in a cool, dry place, and when so kept will keep longer and better than any other fruit, but for keeping one should always purchase the late varieties.

Mexico's Cartridge Factory.

Mexico has now in operation a metallic cartridge factory with a daily capacity of 50,000 cartridges. The factory, which was constructed on the historic plains of the Molina del Rey, contains machinery of the best model in the world, which was imported from Germany and was installed by Germans.—Mexican Herald.

FUNNYGRAPHS.

Plenty of Shade.

Katherine—Lord De Broke seems to throw all the other foreign notables in the shade.

Kidder—No wonder. His family tree is very extensive.

The Modern Star.

She went out west to get divorced,
Her manager she sued;
Some patent nostrums she indorsed,
Her rivals ear she chewed.

Each day she took a bath in milk,
When riding took a spill;
She ordered many gowns of silk,
And wouldn't pay the bill.

She lost her necklaces and rings,
And sundry Johnnies sacked.
Alas! she had to do these things
Because she couldn't act.

—Town Topics.

The Comparison.

Towne—Yes, my wife is able to dress on comparatively little money.

Browne—O! come now! Comparatively little.

Towne—I mean a little compared with what she thinks she ought to have. —Philadelphia Press.

A Slight Misunderstanding.

"Do you take any periodicals?" asked the new clergyman on his first round of parish visits.

"Well, I don't," replied the woman; "but my husband takes 'em frequent. I do wish you'd try to get him to sign the pledge."—Judge.

None for Her.

"Pop!"

"Yes, my son."

"When a person saws wood it means they say nothing, don't it?"

"Yes, my boy."

"And do women ever saw wood?"

"No, women believe that sawing wood is a man's work."—Yonkers Statesman.

They Were Not Encouraged.

"I don't see why that young man doesn't propose."

"I think, Pa, that the chances of his doing it would be fully as good if you wouldn't leave your boxing gloves around where he can see them."—Bohemian Magazine.

Hard Luck.

"Your office boy looks sad."

"Yes, he's an orphan."

"Folks die recently?"

"Nope, been dead a number of years."

"Then why the grief?"

"Baseball today and no one in his family to die."—Houston Post.

Varieties of Diction.

There was a man who could not wed—
A face which caused him oft to fret—
Because bad grammar reigned, he said,
Among the girls he met.

From Boston town then came a maid
Whose diction was a dream, he vowed;
So matrimony he essayed
With feelings very proud.

But soon his joy contracts a chill,
For, though her diction's passing strong,
Her contradiction's stronger still—
They'll be divorced ere long.

—Success Magazine.

A Different Show.

It is related that a farmer visiting Philadelphia wandered with his wife into a theater where one of the gloomiest of gloomy Isben plays was in progress.

For about half an act the good couple listened in puzzled silence to the mournful remarks thrown out by the group of Norwegians infesting the stage. Then at last, after a particularly harrowing prediction of sudden death to everybody in the last act, the farmer turned to his wife with these words:

"Say, Mandy, I'm darned if this is 'The Merry Widow.' Let's go."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Grim Reminder.

"The late Bishop Fowler," said a Buffalo Methodist, "had the happiest knack of illustrating, with one luminous sentence, traits of character, faults, villainies.

"Once, I remember, talking on gambling houses and the little mercy shown to ruined players, Bishop Fowler, with a grim smile, said:

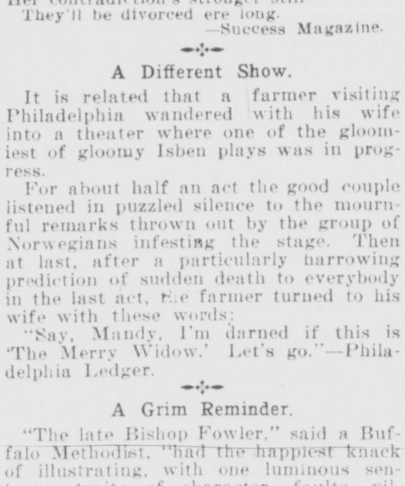
"'The men who took Jonah's money were the same, remember, who threw him overboard. Things like that still happen.'"—Buffalo Courier.

A Cheap Blowout.

A canny old Scotchman, MacDougal,
Who, like all of his people, was frugal,
Whene'er he felt fine,
'Stead of ordering wine
Would go blow himself on a bugle!

—Success Magazine.

Better Left Unsaid.



Mrs. Henpeck—Will you love me, Henry, just as much when I am dead?

Mr. Henpeck (absently)—More, my dear, more.

His Time Up.

"I canna get over it," a Scotch farmer remarked to his wife. "I put a twa shillin' piece in ta plate at kirk this morn instead o' ma usual penny!"

The beadle had noticed the mistake, and also the frightened face of his old friend, who had not the courage to retake the coin as the old-fashioned ladle-like spoon was carefully passed over the head to the next pew, and one penny after another was dropped into the bowl.

The old farmer sat in silence and said nothing. The old beadle allowed him to miss the plate for twenty-four consecutive Sundays.

On the twenty-fifth Sunday the farmer again ignored the collection plate, but the old beadle steadied the ladle in front of him, and in a loud, tragic whisper, said hoarsely:

"Your time's up noo, Sandy!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Nicely Started.

Aunt Mary—Why, Ethel dearie, you have grown so I hardly knew you! You pretty rosebud! And what progress have you made toward matrimony?

Ethel—Well, auntie, I'm on my fifth lap.—Harper's Weekly.

Lifesaver's Reward.

John K. Lloyd, the noted lifesaver of Long Branch, related some of his lifesaving experiences at a complimentary dinner.

"I have had dealings with very generous men," said the veteran hero, "and I have had dealings with very mean men.

"Once, on a January day in Philadelphia, a man who was recovering from a debauch fell from one of the Delaware piers into the cold, wet river.

"Slipping off my overcoat, I plunged in after him. I fished him up from the bottom. He was unconscious, but I managed to get him to a big, cold cake of ice, and on this cake of ice I supported the pair of us till help arrived.

"Well, I had saved the man's life, and he said he was grateful.

"'Here, young fellow,' said he, 'here's a half dollar. You saved my life and you must be chilled through. Go and get yourself a pint of whisky.'

"But I handed him a quarter back.

"'No, no,' I said, 'A half pint's your price. You've overvalued yourself.'"—Washington Star.

Still Useful.

A small girl, lost at Coney Island, was kindly cared for at the police station until her parents should be found. The matron, endeavoring to keep the child contented, had given her a candy cat, with which she played happily all day.

At night the cat had disappeared, and the matron inquired if it had been lost.

"No," said the little maid. "I kep' it most all day. But then it got so dirty I was 'shamed to look at it, so I et it."—Youth's Companion.

Logical.

"Do you play any instrument, Mr. Jimp?"

"Yes, I'm a cornetist."

"And your sister?"

"She's a pianist."

"Does your mother play?"

"She's a zitherist."

"And your father?"

"He's a pessimist."—Detroit Tribune.

Mean of Him.

Miss Oldgirl (gushingly)—Ah, if I had only been born in the days of chivalry.

Mr. Callier Downe—Well, you weren't so awfully far from it.

And His Long Suit, Too.

Tramp—Lady, have you a pair of trousers which your husband has discarded?

Kind Lady—Yes. Here they are, but they will not last long—my husband discards from weakness. — Harper's Weekly.

Feminine Calm.

Two women with two little babies bearing a striking resemblance to each other once went shopping together. Leaving the babies in their baby carriages outside the shop the two mothers plunged into the exhilarating joys of bargain day. Then emerging from the storm and stress, they each grasped the handles of a baby carriage and trundled it home.

Next day one of the women appeared at the other's house weeping.

"I feel sure," she sobbed, "that something dreadful has occurred."

"What," inquired the other calmly.

"I just know it! Yesterday we changed babies! I took yours and you took mine!"

She looked at her friend expecting excitement. But her friend continued perfectly calm.

"Oh, dear, what shall we do?" wailed the first mother, wringing her hands.

"Are you sure that we changed babies?"

"Oh, yes—perfectly sure."

"Well—let's change 'em back."—New York Times.

Admission by Ticket.

Mandy was a young colored girl, fresh from the cotton fields of the south. One afternoon she came to her northern mistress and handed her a visiting card.

"De lady wha' gib me dis is in de pa'lor," she explained. "Dey's anoder lady on de do'step."

"Gracious, Mandy!" exclaimed the mistress. "Why didn't you ask both of them to come in?"

"Cayse, ma'am," grinned the girl, "de one on de do'step done fo'git her ticket."—Judge's Library.

An Automatic Answer.

Said a man to a pilot in blue:
"What time do boats leave for Bay View?"
The pilot inside
With his whistle replied:
"Two to two; two to two to two, two!"

—Success Magazine.

Just Helped the Joke Along.

"Mrs. Nightingale went to Kansas City today to visit her aunt, Mrs. Singer," is the "joke" item sent to a western Kansas newspaper the other day. The editor promptly printed: "This paper presumes that she is just out for a 'lark,' or that the 'joker' is trying to 'twit' her, and as the reporter who took the item is no 'jay,' and thinks that it is a 'bird' of a joke, a piece about it will be printed, but not as a piece of news."—Kansas City Journal.

Not a Case of Neglect.

"I doubt ye are growing remiss, John," said a Scotch parish minister. "I have not seen you in the kirk these three Sabbaths." John was not duly abashed. "Na," said he. "It's no that I'm growing remiss. I'm juist tinkerin' awa wi' ma soul masel."—London News.

WHEN WILD GEESE WERE A PEST

BATTLES BETWEEN THE BIRDS AND EARLY SETTLERS OF CALIFORNIA.

SHOT ONLY TO SCARE THEM.

Regiments of Men Employed to Drive Ravenous Birds from Grain Fields.

GOOSEMAN'S OCCUPATION GONE.

"When you see the sandhill crane corkscrewing along the Sierra Madre," said an old duck hunter, "you can put it in your pipe that the duck season will be on soon." writes a Los Angeles correspondent of the New York Sun.

"But duck shooting ain't what it was," he continued. "When I first came to California in the early '50s I married a wife whose father had a 50,000 acre grain ranch, and I started in as a gooseman. Guess you never heard of that word. I never did before.

"I was the bookkeeper of the ranch, and the item that paralyzed me on those books was 'cartridges for the season of 1858, 20,000; Mexicans and Indians to shoot geese, 250.' I thought it was a joke, but I mighty soon found my mistake, as after the first rain in the Sacramento valley and the green began to spring up the old man had to hire an army of at least 300, and I enlisted.

"Everybody turned out; not shooting geese, Lord bless you! No, but just scaring them off the green fields. Why, I rode out one morning just before the crop came on, and I thought it had been snowing; as far as I could see the ground was covered with white geese. A ranch wouldn't have had a show five minutes with them, and you would believe me if I told you the amount of ammunition used on that ranch in ten years; it was as much as is used in some wars.

Just Scared Them Away.

"As soon as the planting began we went on duty, just like soldiers. Thirty went out for four hours. Then they were relieved, and so on all night. We didn't shoot a goose; jest fired over them with all kinds of guns, anything that would make a noise, trying to drum them off.

"But when they rose in one place they settled in another. Sometimes we started in to kill them, and once we used an old howitzer to scare them; but they got so used to it that it was a fight to save the grain from them.

"They watched the men plant and if left alone they'd have the seeds out before they started to sprout, and only the efforts of two or three hundred men all night and all day for weeks saved some of the big wheat fields in those days.

"I remember one night. It was raining and I was sitting on my horse with three new goosemen who had just arrived. Suddenly we began to hear the honk, honk. Louder it grew, and as it was foggy you couldn't see a thing.

"Down from the air came the most awful sounds coupled with a rush of wings. A Mexican in the outfit fell off his horse and got on his knees; he was jest scared stiff—thought the end of all things had come. Then when the roar got so loud that our horses began to stampede, down out of the fog dropped about a million geese. It was like a snowstorm, with twenty pound flakes.

"All the horses ran or bucked the new men off and then the geese, of course, saw us and—well, it was Hades for a few moments. One man was hit by a goose and knocked completely out of his saddle. Two had geese alight on their horses, and they were so thick that when a big honker landed on the back of my horse she let fly behind and struck a goose that was just alighting and killed it.

"Why, pardner, you wouldn't believe half of it if I should sit down and talk goose with you. I've stood on a little rise of land and seen the country for miles covered with geese so that you would have taken your oath that the country was covered with snow.

"It was discouraging, heartbreaking for the original grain men up in Glenn and other counties, and the big men offered all kinds of money to any one who would invent some scheme to scare geese. We couldn't kill them. There wasn't people enough in the state to eat the geese 200 men could kill in a night if we started in. So the only thing to do was to ride around yelling and shooting.

What a Rattler Did.

"One Yank who had come out from Nantucket had an old watchman's rattle with him that his grandfather used in the Revolution to scare Indians, I reckon. When he gave it a whirl you thought fifty volts had hit you. The old man had a hundred made from the original model, he thought that they would clean out the birds, and I reckon they cost him $10 apiece. The night we charged the geese whirling them rattlers I shall never forget, long's I live.

"In the first place the snap or click almost scared the California horses to death. Half of the mustangs ran away and all the new men, the tenderfeet, got bucked off, and some horses were not found for a week.

"We kept about one hundred in line and the rest went every way, and to see that outfit, yelling and screaming, going at full speed over that ranch, every man whirling a rattle that sounded like the quintessence of bottled thunder or electric shocks, was a caution. It simply set the geese crazy.

"They went up into the air in bunches like big puffs of smoke. I saw an explosion once on a Mississippi river steamer at New Orleans, and for a few moments the air was filled with pieces of cotton. This looked just like it. It was fun for those of us who kept in the saddle, and we succeeded in routing the geese.

"But it was only for a few hours; they were back again the next day or night. So I divided up the force. Each man had a detail and a line of march, and his duty was to ride up and down firing off a shotgun and whirring a watchman's rattle. The minute this stopped, however, down out of somewhere would come a thousand or two geese, and after two weeks of this we began to suspect they were growing fond of the rattle; and by jingo they certainly were!

Dyed Like Easter Eggs.

"One of the most successful things we tried was to fasten to twenty geese big pieces of red cloth. That scared them into fits. The tied up geese would of course follow the rest, and the rest were badly frightened. That worked for a while until they got used to it; that was the trouble, they always got used to it.

"We dyed a hundred geese red, a hundred blue, some with red necks and blue wings. Why, we had the ornithologists crazy about new species.

"One old goose flew around for weeks with a boy's coat and trousers on, but it didn't work in the long run, and despite all our efforts, when the salaries of the gooseman were charged up, the ammunition, the food of the goose horses, and all the wear and tear of a goose company, you can bet that 50 per cent. of the profits had gone whooping with the honkers.

"Some queer things happened at times. One night a new man was out with me. We were crouching by the edge of a creek expecting the geese, and hearing the honking everywhere, when along came a big heron, and taking the boy for a stump alighted on his head. The boy grabbed at him and caught the bird.

"Being a giant, the heron began to beat him with his wings and peck at him with his beak, and before I could reach him they rolled into the water, the boy yelling that a goose was trying to kill him. When he struck the water he let go and the heron flew off, and the boy threw up the job the next day. You couldn't make him think that geese were harmless after that.

"The goose question only found settlement in the natural settling up of the country. The people drove them off, they killed them to eat and slowly San Francisco grew and became able to consume geese, and that was the logical end of the great goose war.

"But it took years, and within fifteen years I have seen miles of Tulare and San Joaquin counties covered with snow white geese. Today they are so reduced that it is necessary to protect them to get any decent shooting, and geese are rare in southern California."

The duck and goose season in California opened October 1. The entire country is divided into duck clubs, and the man who isn't in a duck club isn't in it. This looks hard, but it is the salvation of the ducks; the market hunter, the pot hunter, would wipe them out in a few years. Nearly all the ducks found on the Atlantic coast are taken here, but the days of the great swarms of geese are gone and the gooseman is out of a job.

WHAT LABOR IS DOING

It is reported that the lead and slate industries of Wales are reviving.

Typographical unions have been formed in the colonies of Barbadoes, British Guiana and Trinidad.

For the first time in a number of months the shops of the Burlington railroad at Burlington, Ia., are running on full time and full handed.

The law of New York forbidding boys and girls under 14 years of age from selling newspapers on the streets between 10 p. m. and 6 a. m. has gone into effect.

An Oklahoma farmer insists that a man can live on 9 cents a day, provided he uses the product of his farm. Some men may be able to do that, but as a general proposition the statement is absurd.

During the past two years the United Brewery Workmen of America have paid out more than $118,000 for strike benefits. Nevertheless the organization is at present in a flourishing condition and growing stronger.

The various trades in the building industry of Jamaica, West Indies, are organizing into unions, which will be affiliated with the American Federation of Labor, whose agents have assisted in the organization of the unions.

The coopers of Edinburgh, Scotland, who are on a strike at the present time, have sent out an appeal to trade unionists the world over, asking them to boycott the beer of the brewers who will not agree to the demands of the strikers.

The importance of iron, steel and tinplate, textiles and silk to the people of Pennsylvania becomes apparent, when it is stated that the wage roll for these industries aggregated last year nearly $145,000,000, distributed among more than 500,000 workers.

A comparison of the wages paid in the woolen mills of Italy, France, England and the United States shows that the wage earners in the woolen industry of the United States receive nearly three times the pay of Italian workers, double that of the French, and 70 per cent. more than the English.

A remarkable feature of the recent Wyoming coal miners' strike was that Japanese and Chinese miners and laborers made common cause with their Caucasian fellow workers. It was probably the first time on record that the Orientals and the Americans stood together in a strike, at least in this country.

About 85 per cent. of the employes of the cotton mills in Japan are women and girls, and they receive, on an average 12½ cents a day for eleven hours' work. The men average double what the women get. While there are no labor unions in this industry, there is prospect that, before long, such unions will be formed.

For ten hours' work a day in Japanese shipyards boilermakers receive 98 cents, calkers 49 cents, punchers 46 cents, screw makers 47 cents, finishers $1, molders 87 cents, electricians 57 cents, lathe workers 90 cents, coppersmiths 96 cents, machinists 51 cents, blacksmiths $1.23, iron workers $1.32, and foundrymen $1.02.

The wage troubles between the publishers of San Francisco and their typographers and mailers are attracting the attention of those identified with the printing trades throughout the country. The employers and the union men have been at loggerheads for nearly a year over a bonus of $1 a day which the publishers granted the men just after the earthquake and which the publishers later sought to discontinue.

How They Heard the Truth.

Several ladies and gentlemen were traveling together in a railway carriage from Dresden to Leipsic. They were mostly strangers to one another, but the conversation soon became general.

One of the ladies had been at the Court theater the night before, where the opera of "Euryanthe" had been sung, and was loud in her expressions of disapproval.

"Worse than all," she went on, "that Mme. Schroder is much too old for her part; her singing is becoming unbearable. Don't you think so, too?" she asked, turning to the gentleman next to her.

"Wouldn't you rather tell all this to Mme. Schroder herself? She is sitting opposite to you," he replied, coldly.

After the general silence which followed this remark the critical lady turned to the singer with many confused apologies.

"It is that horrid critic, Schmieder, who has influenced my judgment concerning your singing. I believe it is he who is always writing against you. He must be a most disagreeable and pedantic person."

"Had you not better tell all this to Mr. Schmieder himself?" calmly inquired Mme. Schroder. "He is sitting next to you."—London Globe.

Aeroplane Talk.

The whole civilized world owes, at least, one thing to the Wright brothers—an excellent subject of conversation. Nine persons out of ten speak of aviation; it is a better topic than "bridge," or even politics.—Paris Gaulois.

MANKATO'S GOOD ROAD.

Minnesota City Has Made a Mudless and Dustless Pavement.

Mankato, Minn., has solved the problem of finding a durable pavement at small expense and one that can be used on steep grades as readily as on a level surface.

First, the driveway was narrowed to 30 feet, curbed, guttered and boulevarded. Then it was excavated to the depth of 6 inches and surfaced. Five inches of dry crushed limestone 1½ to 2 inches in diameter was put on and rolled down with a 10-ton roller. Boiling tar from the local gas works was applied until the entire surface was covered. Then a layer of broken stone an inch to an inch and a quarter in diameter, mixed with coarse gravel, was applied on the surface in the proportion of three parts of stone to one of gravel. This was first mixed dry on a platform and then thoroughly mixed with hot tar and applied on the surface 2 inches thick and tamped into place to conform with the surface of the street.

Dry domestic cement was then applied to the surface and the street was again rolled. Then a coating of sand was applied and the roller again used. The pavement was allowed to stand for two weeks before the street was thrown open to travel.

The cost was 80 cents a lineal foot to the property owners on each side of the street, or rather would have been had the entire cost been assessed against them. The street has a practically waterproof pavement 6 inches thick, and it is impossible for the elements to attack the surface. The pavement has now stood two winters and shows not the slightest wear. It gives off no dust in summer, although it is not sprinkled. —Cement Age.

RENDERS LARD HERSELF.

Boston Woman Tells How She Makes Sure of Pure Product.

The exposure of stockyard methods has made many housekeepers chary of the lard of commerce, and some have abandoned its use. Butter, however, is expensive and substitutes not always satisfactory.

Here is the fashion in which a Boston woman makes certain that her lard is the real thing, says the Detroit Free Press. She says:

"I get the unrendered leaf and fry it out myself. I cut it into pieces, about two inches square; put them into a kettle with a tumberful of water and a little salt, placing the pot over a very slow fire. I leave it there for most of the day, cooking steadily. There is no odor whatever to permeate the house.

"When the grease is all cooked out I pour the contents of the kettle through a strainer placed over a basin, from which I pour the pure leaf lard into pails. I put over the strainer a flour sack ripped open, or a large salt sack, first wetting it to keep the scraps out of the lard.

"When all the grease is drained through the cloth I bring the four corners of it together and twist them hard, at the same time pressing on the scraps with a wooden potato masher. When I have squeezed out all that will come away there is left a mere handful of scraps, to be thrown away or used as 'cracklings' as one may desire.

"I use the pure leaf lard, sweet, white and flaky, in preference to butter, for frying, also for shortening in everything except the very best of cakes, which I have never tried with lard as shortening."

The Wily Strong Man.

Dr. L. G. Broughton, the noted minister of Atlanta, conducts—in Atlanta's huge Baptist Tabernacle—a church that is also a college, a club, a hospital and a hotel.

Dr. Broughton, before he sailed for Europe, explained to a reporter the business management of his great church. In the midst of his explanation, fearing that the reporter found the subject dry, he told a story about a strong man.

"Our business management is very good," said Dr. Broughton. "Xerxes the strong man, had he worked with us, would have remained Xerxes to the end.

"This herculean fellow, you must know, was engaged by a circus manager for a southern tour last fall. The tour began, and for a while all went well. Then a bad district was struck, and for days the circus drew only a handful of southerners.

"When pay day came the poor manager found himself in great difficulties. It was with a heavy heart that, from the ticket wagon window, he looked out at the long line of performers and helpers waiting to be paid. Then, with a sigh, he began to pay off, in alphabetical order, Adams, Brown, Crawford, Davis, and so on.

"Alas, by the time Perry was reached the money was all gone, and the tour broke up then and there in great confusion.

"But the manager was resourceful and plucky. A month later, with fresh capital, he was ready to start out again. And being singularly honest, he tried to re-engage all those who on the former tour had not been paid. In this he succeeded. Xerxes the strong man was one of the first performers to enroll.

"When the manager saw Xerxes he was delighted.

"'My dear fellow,' he cried, 'it's good for sore eyes to see you again.'

"And he shook Xerxes by the hand and got out the registry book.

"'Xerxes——' so he began to enter the name, but the strong man interrupted.

"'Xerxes be hanged,' said he. 'My name is Ajax now.'"—Washington Star.

At Skibo Castle.

In the evening of his days Andrew Carnegie is leading a happy, comfortable existence at Skibo castle. It is true that part of each morning is devoted to that portion of his voluminous mail which his secretary sorts out for his personal reading. The Laird of Skibo, however, spends most of the day out of doors, garbed in Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers. If he does not fancy golf he may steam out on Dornoch Firth in his yacht. Or perhaps in a small boat, paddled gently by a gillie, he will fish for trout or salmon. If the weather prove inclement, Mr. Carnegie may have a turn at the billiard table or divert himself in the splendid swimming bath which is near the castle. When guests are being entertained they are summoned to breakfast by bagpipes, much as in the days of "Waverley" and "Rob Roy." The breakfast itself, however, usually has many American dishes, and the appointments of the castle represent the latest devices for comfort and ease.—Tit-Bits.

It Is Not "Winter" Because It Is Cold.

There is a prevailing impression that there is something in the word "winter" that signifies cold, and the season is usually associated with the idea of low temperature, but where the word originated there was little of winter as we understand it, while there was a great deal of moisture at the time the earth was nearest to the sun, so that it is not the temperature but the atmospheric condition that has given us the word.

The word "winter" as we use it, is found with but slight modifications in all the branches of the Aryan languages, for the idea of wetness associated with the season was given to it before the Aryan family was divided.

If we go to the root of the word we find "wad," with the signification of to well, to gush out, to moisten or make wet. Our Aryan ancestors used that root to apply to all conditions of moisture, and many words besides winter have grown out of it, wet and water being among them.

This root "wad" is the Sanskrit as "udan," water. Anglo-Saxon has "wacter," and in Latin we have "unda," wave, from which we get our "inundate."

Our Danish and Swedish cousins changed the w into a v, and have "vinter." In Icelandic it is "vetir," and the old high German has "wintar," and it is "winter" in German. These four words are all from the Teutonic base "wata," which means wet. So it has been moisture that has been indicated from the birth of the root on which all of the different words in a dozen languages have grown.—New York Herald.

BIRDS KILLED A SNAKE.

Contest in Which Reptile Had Small Chance for His Life.

Ed Neal and his sister, Miss Jessie Neal of Alma, tell a strange story and vouch for the truth of it. They had been spending the last month with their father, Younger Neal, at their old home in the country near Alma, and one day last week they were out driving when they saw in the road in front of them a large snake of the kind known as the coach whip.

Stopping the horse in order to kill the snake, they discovered that a pair of mocking birds were flying at and striking the reptile with their beaks, first from one side of the road and then from the other. They watched the battle, as they call it, for something like half an hour, when the snake entirely ceased to attempt to avoid the angry onslaughts of the enraged songsters.

Ed Neal got out of the buggy and going to the scene of conflict found that the snake's head was almost severed from its body. The neck just back of the head was cut down to the skin on its throat, and when he picked it up the head fell down limp. The snake was dead. It measured 5½ feet, and seemingly had just swallowed a half-grown rabbit, which was in the stomach undigested.—Alma Cor. Forest and Stream.

A Modern Pearl Farm.

In the Gulf of Lower California there is in operation the largest pearl farm in the world, where the cultivation of pearls has been taken up as a practical industry. To harvest the annual crop of pearls raised on this farm requires the labor of a thousand persons, including the modern pearl divers, whose methods have been completely revolutionized by the up-to-date appliances employed in this new industry. Pearl farming, as originated by the Mexican company which owns the big Lower California farm, is the result of the discovery of a very simple fact concerning pearl bearing mollusks. After twenty-five years of study and experiment it was discovered that the shell loses its gem after it is two years old, and unless opened at the proper time there will be no pearl within. Following this discovery the system whereby the shells are cultivated until the proper time and then opened was devised. From the time of planting the eggs to the harvesting of the crop two years must elapse, as that length of time is required for the growth of an ordinary shell.—Chicago News.

A Judge's Definition of Whisky.

In a decision of the federal circuit court for the southern district of Illinois, Judge Humphrey recently pointed out one of the differences between whisky and the stuff sometimes sold for it. "Whisky," he said, "is aged and matured for not less than four years in charred oak barrels. Neutral spirits require no againg, but may pass immediately into consumption. The maturing of the product in charred barrels modifies and corrects its raw, biting taste. The action of the congeneric properties of the grain so retained in the liquor on each other and the action of the charred wood on all by the lapse of years results in a flavor, an aroma, a color, a blending of inherent constituents resulting in a beverage agreeable to the taste. In neutral spirits the name signifies the character. There is neither taste, smell nor color, and no amount of aging in charred or uncharred barrels will change it without the adition of foreign matter."

Nailing Broken Bones.

Another medico-surgical wonder is described in one of the Paris newspapers. It is the use of nails for the cure of simple fractures. For a fracture of the shin bone or of the thigh bone a nail of nickel, aluminum or magnesium—preferably aluminum—is used, and is driven in to hold the two pieces of bone together, much like two pieces of wood. Some time ago nails of ivory and bone were used, but it has been found that the aluminum and magnesium nails are absorbed by the system soon after they have done the work required of them. It is believed that the nailing of broken ends is the quickest way to repair a fracture. It does away with the old system under which a patient had to lie in bed for three weeks with his foot attached to a fifty-pound weight. Nevertheless, it is doubtful whether the new method will be used except for simple fractures.—Dundee Advertiser.

Speed of Flight of Pigeons.

Of our game birds the most gregarious and most beautiful passenger pigeon, now unhappily practically extinct, is or was doubtless the most rapid of continuous flyers; yet to a total length of about sixteen and one-fourth inches, its wings length is about seven and eight-tenths inches, a proportion less favorable for speed than with certain other less rapid species of its family. Their sustained speed certainly exceeded a mile a minute, and some authorities have estimated it as high as one hundred and twenty miles per hour. The fact is often quoted, that the wild rice of the Carolinas was sometimes found in the stomachs of birds shot in Canada, shows both marvelous speed and endurance.—The Outing Magazine.

Oriental Telegraphy.

The first telegraph line was opened in China in 1872, and there are now about 15,000 miles of line, the whole under imperial control. The Chinese language, being syllable and not alphabic, many may wonder how a message is transmitted. The method is simple, but ingenious. There are as many characters as words in the Chinese language, and the messages are sent in number cipher. When the numbers are received at the other end a double ended type is used, with numbers at one end and characters at the reverse. A message is set up by the numbers and then printed from the reverse end, which shows the characters.—London Globe.

The Romance of the Bloodhound.

No breed of dog makes a more interesting study than does the bloodhound. It leads one from the beaten track of canine interest into the realm of history and romance. In the wars between England and Scotland it was often used in tracking fugitives. Both Wallace and Bruce had many hair-breadth escapes from bloodhounds; on one occasion the hounds were so hot on the trail of Bruce that he only escaped by wading down a stream until he found refuge in an overhanging tree, and so succeeded in throwing his pursuers off the scent.—Country Life.

SNAKES IN OLD PAPERS.

Poisonous Reptiles Among the Peers' Archives.

Some time ago it was reported in the press that while working men searching for certain documents in the archives of the House of Peers several snakes appeared from among the dust-covered volumes.

The panic-stricken employes immediately fled, and absolutely refused to return to such a dangerous occupation.

The presence of the snakes has never been accounted for.

Recently, however, all the documents were carted to the underground archives of the ministry of the interior.

Today it is reported in the press that while the documents were being sorted out a flat-headed snake suddenly wriggled out, biting the employe on the lip. It then disappeared among the piles of documents. Half an hour after the man died in terrible agony. The body turned black and was horribly swollen.

Notwithstanding the government officials' entreaties all the employes refuse to descend to the archives.—London Leader.

HOP INDUSTRY ON THE WANE.

Temperance Movement Lowers Prices for Product on Pacific Coast.

The hop industry is on the wane in the Pacific coast states, and the prospect is that it will be entirely abandoned in the near future. Most of the growers in the Puyallup valley have ploughed up their hop yards, and the doing as well or better with berries than they have for some years in hops, according to the Utica Press. W. D. Cotter, a member of the Puyallup Fruit Growers' association, and formerly an extensive hop grower, says that in his opinion the temperance movement, which has been sweeping over the country, has had a large part to do with the wane of the hop industry.

"The no-license movement," said Mr. Cotter, "has certainly helped to paralyze the hop industry in this state. It is about done for, too. This year the best that can be done is to sell them for 7 cents a pound. Then cannot be picked for that. In the palmy days, twenty-two years ago, hops sold for $1 a pound. Four years ago they sold for 30 cents, and were a profitable crop at that. But now, at 7 cents, the hop industry is dead."

WATERPROOFING MATCHES.

Simple Method That May Be of Use to Campers.

Perhaps some of your readers would be interested to know that I have found a simple, inexpensive way to waterproof matches.

Into some melted paraffin (care being taken that it was as cool as possible) I dipped a few ordinary parlor matches. After withdrawing them and allowing them to cool it was found that they scratched almost as easily as before being coated with the wax. Several were held under water for six or seven hours and all of them lighted as easily as before immersion. When the match is scratched the paraffin is first rubbed off and the match lights in the usual way.

Matches treated as above would be very useful on camping or canoeing trips, as they do not absorb moisture. Since more rubbing is required to light them than the ordinary match, it would be practically impossible to set them on fire by accidental dropping.—Scientific American.

The Sunday Paper.

I spent 5 cents for the Sunday Dart, and hauled it home in a two-wheeled cart; I piled the sections upon the floor, till they reached as high as the kitchen door; I hung the chromos upon the wall, though there wasn't room to hang them all, and the yard was littered some 10 feet deep, with "comic sections" that made me weep; and there were sections of pink and green, a woman's section and magazine, and sheets of music the which if played would quickly make an audience fade; and there were patterns for women's gowns and also for gentlemen's hand-me-downs; and a false moustache and a rubber doll, and a deck of cards and a parasol. Now men are busy with dray and cart, a-hauling away the Sunday Dart.—Walt Mason in Emporia Gazette.

Found Smuggled Goods.

Another seizure was made in New York city in the campaign to break up what is believed to be systematic smuggling by a band of Italians. Armed with a search warrant Inspector Hyams went to 97 Schneck avenue, Brooklyn. The only person in the apartment was a woman who denied that the house contained smuggled goods. The inspector tore up the floor boards and found several thousand pairs of kid gloves, a good proportion of them being long or elbow gloves, valued at $2 a pair. The total value of the find is believed to be about $10,000. The customs authorities believe that S. Manzi, already under indictment for smuggling, is connected with this latest development. It was said that the woman is already under indictment for the smuggling.

Early Colonists' Coin.

While rambling along the banks of the Indian river Harry Nelson found an old English coin, said to be a gold guinea, dated 1630. As this section of Indian river was said to have been the stopping place of early colonists before they went to what is now Baltimore the coin may have been lost at that time.

According to local tradition the colonist sailed into the Indian river to found a city, but after staying a while found that the inlet through which they had passed was liable to be closed up by the first big storm that might happen. Accordingly they left there and sailed up the next bay they came to, which happened to be the Chesapeake, and founded Baltimore.—Millsboro Cor. Philadelphia Record.

Revival of Ancient Harvest Festival.

A unique service was held at Selston, a mining village, yesterday afternoon. At one time Selston was fairly rich in charities, but about 100 years ago they were allowed to lapse. Some of the charities consisted in the distribution of bread to the poor on Lammas, or Loafmass day, and also on the tolling of the church bells on Goose Fair eve. This distribution took place from a tombstone in the parish churchyard. In order to revive this custom the rector held a similar service yesterday, when loaves presented by the parishioners were given away from the same tombstone, and in order to enhance their value and the interest attached a silver coin was baked in the loaves.—London Standard.

Prevents Boiling Over.

One housekeeper says that in her twenty years' experience she has never had an uncovered kettle of anything boil over, and all because of acting on a suggestion given her by her grandmother. It is this: When she puts the kettle on the stove she puts across it a clean, smooth stick kept especially for the purpose.

Church Instead of Mutuals.

When a suburban town arises on the site of the famous Brighton beach race track a church will occupy the corner which for many years was the location of mutual pools. The company which purchased the track and is cutting it up into building lots has given an option on five lots in the old corner to Charles C. Overton, who announces that he will build a "free church" there and give it to the denomination which he considers has done the most good for Long Island. While the mutuals have not been used at Brighton for many years there was a time when they outbid the "books" for popularity with the betting crowd and, with these days in mind, Mr. Overton has chosen their former site as an appropriate place to build his church.

LOWER CALIFORNIA PEARLS.

The Fisheries Are Worked by Americans Employing 1000 People.

In the gulf of Lower California a company working under the concession from the Mexican government is operating a highly successful plant for the cultivation of pearls. More than 1000 people are employed, and the output is very large. Markets are found in all the great cities of the world for mother of pearl, which is exported in large quantities. It seems that two years are required for the growth of an ordinary shell, which forms in layers like an onion. If too great a time is allowed to elapse, the shell loses its value, and it is partly the discovery of this fact which had made possible the business as now carried on. The shells are gathered in the eggs depositing season. The eggs are placed in artificial channels, made in imitation of the natural bottom of the sea, with proper protection from the natural enemies. Proper transplanting as the eggs develop and replacing of dead with live shells result in a plentiful growth, and when the pearls have developed divers descend and secure them in protected waters without risk. Black, white, and yellowish pearls are among the output; the black, being most valuable, are worth close to $300 per carat, the white about $250 per carat, these prices being for the most perfect pearls.—Technical World.

DECAY OF BUILDING STONES.

Causes Are Various and Depend on Physical Structure of Material.

The causes of decay in building stones are various and depend on the physical structure of the stone, its composition and the nature of the surrounding atmosphere, says the Building World.

The most destructive agent to which the stone is exposed is rain or a moist atmosphere, and also, in a minor degree, wind, frost and smoke.

The air of large towns is usually charged with various deleterious acids; these acids are dissolved by the rain, which penetrates the stone in a greater or less degree according to its physical structure, and combines with the constituents of the stone, causing it to decay, so that any contrivance that will check the admission of water will be most likely to succeed in arresting decay.

Phthisis Cured by Mercury.

Continued reports of successful treatment of pulmonary and other types of tuberculosis by the mercury cure, discovered by Surgeon B. L. Wright, U. S. N., are being reported to the bureau of medicine and surgery in Washington.

Among the latest reports is that of Assistant Surgeon Reynolds Hayden, U. S. N., from Trinidad, Cuba. He describes four cases treated by him with the Wright discovery applied by hypodermic syringe. He says:

"The results were most gratifying, two cases cured, one case very much relieved and the other case, after considerable improvement, refused further treatment.

"The only other treatment received by them besides the mercury was diet and what hygienic measures I was able to induce them to carry out."

Immortal Bill.

A Philadelphian on his return from Berlin talked at the Philadelphia club about Kaiser Wilhelm.

"You know the Kaiser's ballet of 'Stardanapalus?' he said. "Well, this ballet made a success, and in its honor the Kaiser gave a dinner.

"Berlin is laughing over an incident of the dinner. It seems that one of the speakers said in the course of his speech:

"'This ballet teaches us a powerful lesson. It shows us that we cannot escape our fate. As the immortal William once said, "There's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we may." And so——"

"The Kaiser applauded thunderously.

"'That is clever, very clever,' he cried. 'But when did I say it? I've quite forgotten.'"—Washington Star.

Speed of Flight of Pigeons.

Of our game birds the most gregarious and most beautiful passenger pigeon, now unhappily practically extinct, is or was doubtless the most rapid of continuous flyers; yet to a total length of about sixteen and one-fourth inches, its wings' length is about seven and eight-tenths inches, a proportion less favorable for speed than with certain other less rapid species of its family. Their sustained speed certainly exceeded a mile a minute, and some authorities have estimated at as high as one hundred and twenty miles per hour. The fact is often quoted that the wild rice of the Carolinas was sometimes found in the stomachs of birds shot in Canada, showing both marvelous speed and endurance.—Outing Magazine.

Anti-Betting Law Effect.

On the steamer Minneapolis, sailing from New York for London, is a second consignment of well known race horses, being taken to England and the continent as the result of the decrease in popularity in racing in New York, following the passage of the anti-betting law. At the head of the consignment is Fair Play, owned by August Belmont, and, with the exception of Colin and Celt, the best 3-year-old of the season. Mr. Belmont's famous stallion Octagon and seventeen brood mares are also on the ship. Fair Play will start in a number of important races in England. The other horses will be used, it is said, as the foundation of a breeding establishment which Mr. Belmont is expected to start in England.

Pension for Indians.

In the state of Queensland, Australia, there is a pension system for widows left with the care of children. Under the new scale of weekly payments, taking effect on May 1 last, the allowance for one child was $1.22; two children, $1.10 each; three children, 97 cents each; four children, 91 cents each; more than four children, a maximum of $4.38. The state has found it wiser, so Consular Agent Caldwell of Brisbane writes to Daily Consular and Trade Reports, to pension the mother than to condemn her to such employment as would cause her to neglect her children.

The Giant Sunflowers of Kansas.

Al Fiss was out on the Central Branch last week and says he never saw such sunflowers. "When the wind blows they lean across the track. Pushing them back is what makes the trains lose so much time. When the wind is not blowing they droop over the track on both sides, and this also impedes the trains. In some places it is just like going through a tunnel. I have been told that the engineer sometimes has to light the headlight on his engine to see his way through," said Mr. Fiss.—Atchison Globe.

Dehler's Stores

A TAN Shoe Sale

Next Eight Days

We will offer Winter Tans at a marvelous low reduction. AFTER SATURDAY, DEC. 19, prices will go back to regular; therefore be sure and take advantage of this great money saving opportunity, while it lasts.

Following quotations will show what you can save by purchasing NOW.

Ladies' Winter Tans.

4.00 Suedes, Russia and Wine Napoleon, Button and Lace, sale price..... **$3.39**
3.50 American Girl "Napoleon" Bootees, Button and Lace, sale price..... **$2.79**
3.00 Russia Tan and Chocolate Vici Button and Lace, sale price..... **$2.39**
3.00 Russia Tan Lace (special lot), sale price... **$2.19**
2.25 and 2.50 Chocolate Vici Button and Lace, sale price..... **$1.79**

Men's Winter Tan.

5.00 Russia Tan Button, sale price..... **$3.98**
4.00 Ox Blood Button, sale price..... **$3.39**
4.00 Chocolate Vici Bal. (special lot) sale price.. **$2.79**

All Goods Will Be

Strictly CASH at these prices. If you are wanting a pair of Winter Tans now is your opportunity of getting a pair and saving enough on this one purchase to buy somebody a Christmas gift.

THE TIME to make your purchase is now.
THE PLACE, Dehler's Stores, 12 and 14 S. Chestnut Street.
N. B.—Notice Display Windows. See our line of Holiday Slippers.

A Square Deal

Scarf Pins Plain and all staple designs	Cut Glass	Belt Pins No better selection in Southern Indiana	Cuff Buttons Each one prettier than the one next to it
Diamond Rings $10 to $200	Necklaces Gold Gold Filled Cut Stones	Fountain Pens Plain and Gold Barred	Fobs of all kinds
Lockets A great selection $1.50 to $10.00	Chafing Dishes that are beauties	Vest Chains Gold Gold filled	Bracelets the best ever
Beauty Pins In endless variety	Novelties in Sterling Silver	Roger 1847 Silver ware	Neck Chains Plain and fancy Festoons
Hat Pins Every style that is made	Thimbles Silver, Gold Gold filled	Watches and Clocks	Souvenir Spoons Engraved free

STRATTON
The Jeweler
16 S. Chestnut Street, Seymour, Ind.

DR. H. I. SHERWOOD
Chronic Specialist

Here are a few of the many cases whom he has cured in Seymour. Samuel Franklin, Fletcher Nicholson and Leroy Sage had bad piles. Frank Stradley and Jason Lacy were badly ruptured.

Seymour, Ind., Dec. 8, 1908.

In February of this year I commenced with severe hemorrhage from bladder. Leading physicians and surgeons pronounced it cancer of the bladder. I got no better under their treatment. In October I commenced treatment with Dr. Sherwood. In six weeks I gained 12 pounds and am well of my trouble.

PHI. RHAMER.

Dr. Sherwood cures Blood Poison, Nervous Disease, Stomach Troubles, Catarrh, Goitre, and all forms of Chronic Disease including Female Complaints. Consultation and examination free.

Office. 10½ North Chestnut Street, SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

THE REPUBLICAN

JAY C. SMITH, EDW. A. REMY } Editors and Publishers

Entered at the Seymour, Indiana Postoffice as Second-class Matter.

DAILY

One Year	$5 00
Six Months	2 50
Three Months	1 25
One Month	45
One Week	10

WEEKLY

One Year in Advance	$1 00

MONDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1908.

DO NOT over look any page of this paper today. Every page will interest you. Observe the many Christmas suggestions in the advertising columns. By taking advantage of these you save time and money.

JUST how far congress will go in criticising President Roosevelt's message so far as it relates to members of congress remains to be seen. There are probably some congressmen who do not want charges to be made more specific and therefore they are willing to let the matter drop right now.

Stone River Survivors.

The ninth annual reunion of the survivors of the battle of Stone River will be held in the court honse at Danville, Ind., on Dec. 31st 1908, day and evening. All ex-soldiers who participated in this battle are eligible to membership. If you have not already obtained a certificate of membership send the secretary fifty cents with your full name, rank, company, regiment, brigade and division, with evidence of your participation in the battle and a certificate will be mailed to you.

JOHN T. ELLER, Pres.
Bloomington, Ind.
WM. H. DRYDEN, Secy.
Martinsville, Ind.

Chaminade Club.

Miss Alma Switzer will be hostess to the Chaminade Club this evening when the following program will be given.

Intermezzo et Valse Lente, from Sylvia.....Delibes
Flossie Allen, N. A. Crane.
Butterfly Etude..Chopin, Op. 20, No. 9
Two Larks.....Leschetizky
Bertha F. Meseke.
Berceuse.....Moskowski
Effie White.
Sonata, Op. 2, No. 1.....Beethoven
Allegro and Presiissimo
Flossie Allen.
Sailors Chorus and Spinning Song, from The Flying Dutchman.....Wagner
Bertha F. Meseke, N. A. Crane.
The Palms....Faure-Leyback, Op. 180
Vir Beldon.
Massa's in de Cold Ground.....C. W. Kern
Caroline Pfaffenberger.
The Regiment Passing ...Scheleifaith
Edna Kasting, Elizabeth Hoffman.

Advertised Letters.

The following is a list of letters remaining in the postoffice at Seymour and if not called for within 14 days will be sent to the dead letter office.

LADIES.

Miss Rubie Harris.
Mrs. Minne Powell.
Mrs. John Starutt.
Miss Jullie Woods.
Miss Savanah Robbert.

GENTS.

Mr. Davis.
Mr. Henry Loesche.
Mr. A. R. White.

WM. P. MASTERS, P. M.
Seymour, Dec. 14, 1908.

RAILROAD RUMBLINGS

Today was the day for the pay checks on the B. & O. S-W and the boys are feeling lighter hearted today than they have for a month.

The pay car on the Pennsylvania lines passed through the city toward Louisville this morning about eleven o'clock and left several dollars here with the boys for good behavior.

Cooking Ware Free.

Go to Hunters and look at the fine cooking ware given free with every $1.00 and $2.00 cash purchase.

d4-tf

Indigestion

Stomach trouble is but a symptom of, and not in itself a true disease. We think of Dyspepsia, Heartburn, and Indigestion as real diseases, yet they are symptoms only of a certain specific Nerve sickness—nothing else.

It was this fact that first correctly led Dr. Shoop in the creation of that now very popular Stomach Remedy—Dr. Shoop's Restorative. Going direct to the stomach nerves, alone brought that success and favor to Dr. Shoop and his Restorative. Without that original and highly vital principle, no such lasting accomplishments were ever to be had.

For stomach distress, bloating, biliousness, bad breath and sallow complexion, try Dr. Shoop's Restorative—Tablets or Liquid—and see for yourself what it can and will do. We sell and cheerfully recommend

Dr. Shoop's Restorative
A. J. PELLANS.

Suits, Coats, Furs, Skirts and Millinery greatly reduced.

We are overstocked on all Winter Garments. The backward season forces us not to wait until after the Holidays to reduce our surplus stock, we must do it now. Tomorrow we start the cutting of prices.

TWO LOTS OF SUITS.

Lot No. 1 at..... **$10.00**
Lot No. 2 at..... **$15.00**
All this season's styles. Some sold at double the price.

COATS.

35.00 Broadcloth Coats at..... **$25.00**
25.00 Broadcloth Coats at..... **$18.50**
20.00 Broadcloth Coats at..... **$15.00**
12.50 and 15.00 Coats at..... **$10.00**
10.00 Coats at..... **$7.95**
6.98 Coats at..... **$5.00**

SKIRTS.

12.50 and 15.00 Voile Skirts at... **$10.00**
10.00 Panama Skirts at..... **$7.95**
8.50 Panama Skirts at..... **$6.95**
6.98 and 7.50 Skirts at..... **$5.00**

FURS.

So far this season the warm weather has killed the fur business. Hence the necessity of price cutting on all Fur Sets, separate Scarfs and Muffs.

MILLINERY.

Prices have been slashed to less than half. Choice of all untrimmed Shapes worth up to $3.50—95 cents. Our entire stock of trimmed Hats divided into 4 lots.

95 cents	$1.95	$2.95	$3.95
Choice worth up to 2.50.	Choice worth up to 4.00.	Choice worth up to 6.50.	Choice of all pattern Hats worth up to $10

BABY CAPS MARKED DOWN.

The Gold Mine Deparment Store

Buy Flour Here.

A shipment of 3,900 bags from the Nationol Biscuit Company was being unloaded here this morning for the Blish Milling Company. These bags alone weigh three ton and will leave here loaded with about 300,000 pounds of the best flour that is produced anywhere. The fact that a wellknown company like the National Biscuit Company buys flour at Seymour speaks well of the quality of the product manufactured here. The quality of the goods put out by this company and the volume of buisiness done by them throughout the country is evidence that they use nothing but the best flour and naturally they would come to Seymour after it where we always have the best of everything. People everywhere when they want the best, either at home or abroad send their orders to Seymour, Ind. U. S. A.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bruning and child, of Indianapolis, attended the funeral of Mrs. Bruning's uncle, Mr. Lewellyn, at Crothersville Sunday and returned here to visit Mr. Bruning parents, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bruning and family, of E. Second street. They returned to Indianapolis this morning on the late train.

Xmas Tags at T. R. Carter'sr

Major Escott, head of the Salvation Army in Indianapolis, was here this morning on his way home from Mitchell. He is a very clever gentleman and soon wins the confidence of men with whom he comes in contact. He had charge of the Army work in Cincinnati several years.

Toilet Sets at T. R. Carter's.

John Fox, the shoemaker, is critically ill at his home at 118 East Second street. He has been suffering with the yellow jaundice for about two weeks and in the past few days the complications are making his condition quite serious.

Bibles at T. R. Carter's.

Mrs. W. L. Farmer, of Evansville, arrived here this morning in response to a message announcing the serious illness of her mother, Mrs. D. B. Hyland, who is here on a visit with her son, Engineer William Hyland.

Books at T. R. Carter's.

Elder J. M. Cross, of Nineveh, was here this morning en route home from the White Church in Driftwood township where he preached Sunday. Elder Cross will preach regularly at that church the coming year.

Holly Boxes at T. R. Carter's.

Braxton, Harrison and Charles Foist, of Redding township, were here this morning expecting to go Brownstown to attend the trial of Brooks but learned that there would be no court until tomorrow.

Engraved calling cards for Christmas make an acceptable gift. We supply them promptly from any style of engraving. Call and select from the twenty-five styles we show.

Fred Voss has been quite sick at his home on South Chestnut street the past day or two.

Mooney Self filler fountain pens at T. R. Carter's.

Swans, something brand new, at the Bee Hive. d15d

Picture Framing T. R. Carter's.

CHRISTMAS TAILORING

Now is the time to order that Christmas Suit, Overcoat, or Trousers. Remember, after Saturday, Dec. 19, we will not take any more orders to be finished before Christmas, as the time will be too short to finish the work. Be sure to go to the right place where you will get the right kind of garments made by Real Tailors. Yours for Tailor-Made Clothes,

Sciarra Bros.
The only Tailors by Trade in Jackson County.
4 SOUTH CHESTNUT STREET, SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

Also your Cleaning, Pressing, Remodelling, etc., Ladies' and Gents' Garments at reasonable prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Christmas Gifts Worth While

When in doubt as to what to select for Christmas, call at T. M. JACKSON'S Jewelry Store. We offer exceptional values as usual and it would be worth your while to investigate our offers.

Diamonds, Watches, Rings, Lockets, Chains, Bracelets, Fobs and Brooches, Toilet Articles, Clocks, Silverware, Cut Glass, Fancy Hand Painted China, in fact anything found in a Jewelry Store.

We do engraving free on all articles that we sell.

T. M. Jackson
The Jeweler

Don't Sit In The Cold

Use the PERFECTION OIL HEATER and have solid comfort in that corner that is hard to heat. A touch of a match and a steady flow of heat is the result. See them at our store.

W. A. Carter & Son
17 EAST SECOND STREET.

HOLIDAY NECKWEAR

We are showing an unusually strong line of Fine Neckwear. Exquisite patterns, rich colorings and exclusive designs in four-in-hands, tecks, puffs, tuxedos and strings. Boys' windsors, tecks and four-in-hands.

25 cents to ~~$1.00~~.

THE HUB

The Christmas Store

PERSONAL.

Louis F. Greeman went to Chicago Sunday evening.

Louis Kruse, of Peters Switch, was here this morning.

Miss Grace Love spent Sunday with relatives in Bedford.

Miss Maud Van Riper, of Hayden, was here this morning.

Joel H. Matlock was a westbound passenger this morning.

O. M. Foster, of Vernon township, was here this morning.

Roger Craig, principal at Surprise, was in the city Saturday.

Ed L. Brown was a passenger to Chicago Sunday evening.

H. S. Dell made a business trip to New Albany this morning.

Mead Shields was a passenger to North Vernon this morning.

Trustee Glasson, of Redding township, was here this morning.

Attorney Samuel B. Wells was here from Scottsburg this morning.

W. H. Turner, of Madison, was transacting business here today.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Brown have returned from a visit at Cinnati.

Charles Nicholson made a business trip to Brownstown this morning.

D. G. Rider, merchant at Kurtz, transacted business in town today.

Joseph Ackerman has gone to Carmi, Ill., to make a visit with relatives.

Ed Walters, of the Bee Hive, was a passenger to Indianapolis Sunday.

H. G. Hayden, of Rushville, was in the city this morning between trains.

Louis and Walter Rump, of Pleasant Grove, were here on business today..

County Auditor H. W. Wacker came up from Brownstown this morning.

Mrs. A. P. Charles returned this morning from a few days' visit at Deputy.

H. T. Bennett returned today from a business trip west on the Southern Indiana.

Charles Foist and Harlan Gruber, of Redding township, were in the city Saturday.

Mrs. Pearl Burrell and Miss Gary, drove up from Brownstown Saturday afternoon.

Lafayette Heiman attended the funeral of Walter Oathout, of near Surprise, Sunday.

Mr. Etzler, of Salem, was a northbound passenger this morning on the Pennsylvania line.

Attorney G. L. Gilkinson, of Shoals, was a westbound passenger on No. 1 at noon today.

B. F. Henderson, liveryman at Surprise, came over on the Southern Indiana this morning

James Bosley and Dale Johnson, of Brownstown, spent a few hours here with friends Sunday evening.

Attorney John Branaman, of Brownstown, attended the lawyers' banquet here Saturday evening.

Louis Von Fange and daughter, Miss Cordelia Von Fange, were down from Columbus Sunday afternoon.

Fabius Gwinn, a prominent attorney of Shoals, was in the city a short time this morning in route to Indianapolis.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kline, of Columbus, spent Sunday with the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Niemeyer.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Perkinson went to Redding township Sunday on a short visit with her mother, Mrs. J. W. Briner.

B. C. Lett, agent at Surprise, was in the city a few hours today en route to Elizabethtown on a short visit with relatives.

Rev. and Mrs. James Omelvena are moving into one of the new residences in the Reed-Jordan addition on north Poplar St.

E. B. Douglass was over from Cortland today assisting in the arrangements for the funeral of his uncle, E. D. Brown.

Attorneys J. A. Cox and Frank Brady, of Crothersville, attended the banquet of the Jackson County Bar Association here Saturday evening.

Mrs. C. E. Francis, of Bedford, came over with her husband, Conductor Francis, Sunday afternoon and returned on the early train this morning.

Will A. Miller has arrived from Jerome, Arizona, to join his family who have been visiting relatives here and at Brownstown the past few months.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hopple and daughter, Gladys, returned this morning from a ten days' visit with relatives and friends at Chicago and other cities.

Mrs. D. B. Hyland, of Evansville, who has been here for some time on a visit with relatives, is seriously ill at the home of her son William Hyland, at Seventh and Blish streets.

Skating Rink Open.

The skating rink will be open every afternoon and evening under the new management. Come and enjoy the fun. Free skating for ladies every Tuesday afternoon. d11m-d-f

Remember

That the Tailor Shop of H. E. Weithoff 113 N. Chestnut St. has been removed to the corner of Chestnut St. and St. Louis Ave., the same room occupied by

THE NEW MUSIC STORE.

Known as HARMONY HALL. I wish to have it known to my old customers that I am still as interested in them and the same line of tailoring, cleaning and pressing as when in the old location. Also that I am in no way connected with the business nor the parties occupying the old stand. All your work brought to this new place will receive the very best attention and the old prices prevail:

Trousers pressed..... .....$.15
Suits pressed..... ..... .50
Overcoats pressed..... ..... .50
Trousers cleaned and pressed.... .25
Suits cleaned and pressed..... .75
Overcoats cleaned and pressed.. .75

All kinds of dyeing, alterations and remodeling the same as ever. Work and prices the same the only change is in the location. Let us have all your work.

Yours truly,
H. E. WEITHOFF.
e o d to d19.

Calendar Samples.

The REPUBLICAN has placed on sale its calendar samples for 1909. There are many beautiful designs which make gifts that are appreciated all the coming year. See a few of the designs in our window and others by calling inside. Some of the wall pockets are especially useful about any home. These are the samples from which our orders for 1909 calendars were taken and are now offered for a few cents each.

Notice of Shareholders Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Shareholders of the First National Bank, of Seymour, Indiana, for the election of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may be brought before it, will be held at its Banking House in Seymour, Indiana, on Tuesday, January 11, 1909, at 10 o'clock a. m. J. H. ANDREWS,
j10d Cashier.

To Run at Special Election.

Evansville, Ind., Dec. 14.—The Democrats of Vanderburg county nominated Jeppe Bertelson, a merchant, for state senator, to be voted on in the special election Dec. 29 to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Walter A. Legeman (Rep.) two weeks ago.

TERSE TELEGRAMS

The president-elect of the United States, Mr. Taft, will spend most of the week in New York, delivering speeches.

This week the Cuban presidential electors meet to confirm the election of Gomez as the first chief executive of the republic.

Bishop John Lancaster Spalding has issued a farewell letter to the priests and faithful of the Roman Catholic diocese of Peoria.

King Edward, who has been sojourning at Brighton for a few days, returned to London today to resume his social engagements.

The four young children of William J. Scharff, a farmer, near Hawthorne, Ont., were burned to death in their beds by a fire which destroyed their home.

It is announced at London that a marriage engagement has been arranged between the Earl of Granard and Miss Beatrice Mills, daughter of Ogden Mills of New York.

Elijah McFarland, county clerk of Martin county, was in the city this morning en route to Indianapolis.

Seymour Dry Goods Company

The Christmas Crowds are coming to the Seymour Dry Goods Co.

We are reserving Christmas Gifts daily, delivery will be made when desired.

Don't wait until you're ready to buy all you are going to give.

We can help you to decide the important question of the appropriate gift.

Articles of wearing apparel and dress accessories are considered in good form and such gifts are always received with appreciation.

The quality store—Reliable and dependable merchandise.

Claypool & Fry,

SUCCESSORS TO L. F. MILLER & CO.

No Trace of Kieran.

New York, Dec. 14.—The search of process servers and others for Patrick J. Kieran, the missing former president of the Fidelity Funding company, has made no progress. Kieran's wife has returned to New York but refuses to discuss the whereabouts of her husband. The hearing to determine whether state or federal receivers shall adjust the affairs of the Fidelity was continued today at the office of Referee Olney.

Mrs. Gates, mother of John W. Gates, is dead at Port Arthur, Tex.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contains Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell aud completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co. Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally acting directly upon the blood and and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by all druggists. Price 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

For Sale

$2000.00 this beautiful home, 8 rooms, 4 closets, hall, gas in every room, summer kitchen, cellar, well cistern, lot 50x120, fruit and sheds and henery.

$1500.00 this residence, lot 57x157 good location, 4 rooms and summer kitchen, sheds, McCann well, good corner lot.

$2750.00 for this elegant residence, lot 50x150, bath room, concrete walks, furnace, cellar, sewer, barn, 6 rooms.

$1200.00 for this fine new home, fine shade, concrete walks, well, 5 rooms, front and rear porch.

Also cheaper and higher priced city property.

GEO. SCHAEFER,
Real Estate and
General Insurance
First National Bank Bldg. Seymour.

WANT ADVERTISING

WATED—Help to dress turkeys.
d16d&w HADLEY POULTRY CO.

FOR SALE—Female bird dog. Dr. B. S. Shinness. n28dtf

LOST—Watch fob and charm. Return to Keith's grocery and receive reward.

FOR RENT—Six room cottage, corner 7th and Walnut. Inquire here. d12-tf

FOR SALE CHEAP—Two fine 9x12 rugs. If interested inquire at No. 124 west Third St. d15d

WANTED—To buy a centrally located cottage for investment. Inquire here. d21d

FOR SALE—Dry beech wood both heating and cooking. New Phone 563. John F. Kasting. d15d

WANTED—Girl or woman to do general housework in family of two. 128 W. Second street, corner Walnut and Second. d16d

Weather Indications.

Showers tonight or Tuesday.

Indianapolis, Columbus and Southern Traction Co.

I.C.&S. SOUTHERN TRACTION CO.

In effect Nov. 22, 1908.

THE HOOSIER LIMITEDS leave Seymour northbound for Columbus, Edinburg, Franklin, Greenwood and Indianapolis at:—10:16 a. m., 1:16, 4:16 and 9:16 p. m.

SEYMOUR-INDIANAPOLIS LIMITEDS leave Seymour northbound for Columbus, Edinburg, Franklin, Greenwood and Indianapolis, making stops at Azalia, Taylorsville and Whiteland on flag signal only, at:—8:13 a. m. and 6:13 p. m.

LOCAL CARS leave Seymour northbound for Indianapolis and all intermediate points at 6:53, 8:53, 9:53 and every hour thereafter until 4:53, 6:53 and 7:53, and at 8:53 and 10:20 for Greenwood, and at 11:55 for Columbus.

Cars make direct connections at Seymour with cars of the I. & L. Traction Co., for Louisville and all intermediate points, also with trains of the B. & O. R. R. and Southern Indiana R. R. for all points east and west of Seymour.

For rates and full information see agents and official time table folders in all cars.

A. A. ANDERSON, Gen. Mgr.
Columbus, Indiana.

Albert Ahlbrand left for Dallas, Tex., Sunday morning on a business trip in the interest of the Ahlbrand Carriage Company.

A Woman of Beauty and Elegance is the one who doesn't allow defective teeth to mar her beauty or her appearance of refinememt. A woman who would be attractive and posses a charm of elegance has her teeth regularly attended by a first class dentist, who can remedy all defects by crown or bridge work, and everything pertaining to scientific surgical dentistry at

Dr. B. S. Shinness.

"Will Go on Your Bond"
Will write any kind of
INSURANCE
Clark B. Davis
LOANS NOTARY

The Tenderfoot Farmer

It was one of these experimental farmers, who put green spectacles on his cow and fed her shavings. His theory was that it didn't matter what the cow ate so long as she was fed. The questions of digestion and nourishment had not entered into his calculations.

It's only a "tenderfoot" farmer that would try such an experiment with a cow. But many a farmer feeds *himself* regardless of digestion and nutrition. He might almost as well eat shavings for all the good he gets out of his food. The result is that the stomach grows "weak" the action of the organs of digestion and nutrition are impaired and the man suffers the miseries of dyspepsia and the agonies of nervousness.

To strengthen the stomach, restore the activity of the organs of digestion and nutrition and brace up the nerves, use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is an unfailing remedy, and has the confidence of physicians as well as the praise of thousands healed by its use.

In the strictest sense "Golden Medical Discovery" is a temperance medicine. It contains neither intoxicants nor narcotics, and is as free from alcohol as from opium, cocaine and other dangerous drugs. All ingredients printed on its outside wrapper.

Don't let a dealer delude you for his own profit. There is no medicine for stomach, liver and blood "just as good" as "Golden Medical Discovery."

NOTICE

I have a beautiful 9 room, 2 story house for sale or trade for small rentals. A fine home, well located.

E. C. Bollinger, Agt. Phones 5 / 186

CONGDON & DURHAM,
Fire, Tornado, Liability,
Accident and Sick Benefit
INSURANCE
Real Estate, Rental Agency
Prompt Attention to All Business

Shoe Repairer

P. COLABUONO,
Ladies' and Gents' Shoemaker. Boot and shoe repairing while you wait. Fine work given special attention. 129 S. Chestnut St., Sprenger Bldg.

Ladies and Gentlemen
Take your old clothes to
THE SEYMOUR TAILORS
And have them put in first class wearing condition.
NORTH CHESTNUT STREET
Next door north of New Pearl Laundry

SUDIE MILLS MATLOCK
Piano Teacher,
Res. Studio: 521 N. Chestnut St.
SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

LEWIS & SWAILS
LAWYERS
SEYMOUR, INDIANA

INSURE YOUR PROPERTY
IN THE
Queen Insurance Co.
Assets $6,844,559.94
GEO. SCHAEFER, Agent. 1st Nat. Bank Building.

EXPERT
PIANO TUNING
GUARANTEED
Arthur F. French
SEYMOUR, IND.
Drop a Postal and I Will Call.

ELMER E. DUNLAP,
ARCHITECT
824-828 State Life Bldg. INDIANAPOLIS. Branch Office: Columbus

Christmas Hints

Nothing a man appreciates more, and nothing would make a more suitable gift than a Smoking Jacket, House Coat or Dressing Gown. Our assortment this season is unusually large and attracttve.

We are always pleased to show our Smoking Jackets and House Coats and we take particular pleasure in showing them to the ladies.

Thomas Clothing Co.

SEYMOUR DAILY REPUBLICAN

SMITH & REMY, Publishers.

SEYMOUR, - - INDIANA.

PARAGRAPHS.

—A man's hair turns gray about five years earlier than a woman's.

—Ninety-six per cent. of the coal is produced north of the equator.

—The deepening and lengthening of the Annisquam river has made an island out of Cape Cod.

—Argentina's area under cultivation is now 36,000,000 acres, compared with 12,000,000 in 1905.

—Male servants in the Argentine capital get 66 cents to $2.20 gold a day and female help 40 cents to $1.10.

—One of the largest gas companies in London has reduced its price from 71 cents to 69 cents a thousand feet.

—In England last year only the potato and hop crop fell short of the 10-year average—all the rest far exceeding it.

—What is reported to be the largest apple tree in the United States is at Southington, Conn. It yields 50 bushels.

—There are sixty-four countries in which protection is afforded to inventions. To get out a patent in each one would cost about $15,000.

—The mutton market of London declines, while the shipments of mutton received at that point from Australia are constantly increasing.

—New York is now the clothing shop of the United States. Lower Fifth avenue is the center of the cloak and clothes manufacturing industry.

—Twenty per cent. of the population of Canada earns its living in connection with the country's carrying trade. Railroad employes alone number 124,000.

—Overcrowding in Scotland is not so bad as it used to be. The proportion living more than four per room fell from 18.67 per cent. in 1861 to 9.56 in 1901.

—American capitalists contemplate working a concession of 8000 acres of hard wood timber in Honduras. Twenty miles of railway, with spurs, are to be constructed.

—An international exposition for art and building industry will be held in St. Petersburg this summer, under the direction of the Society of Civil Engineers of Russia.

—Altogether during the year 1908 there will have been under construction buildings directly or indirectly connected with Princeton university representing an expenditure of nearly $2,000,000.

—This notice has been displayed in a London suburb: "Why pay rent when you can hire a horse, man and a dark night for 1s 6d an hour? Night removals, without disturbing your neighbors a specialty."

—Investigating the effect of compressed air on health two British engineers have shown that a pressure of 92 pounds a square inch—more than six atmospheres—may be endured without unpleasant results.

—Since the unification of the Wesley brotherhood and the Brotherhood of St. Paul in the Methodist church, which brought 1500 societies together, the membership, which was 150,000 at the time of union, has taken a rapid stride forward.

—During the last five years the deposits in the government savings banks in Australia have increased to $204,871,324, making $162.75 the average amount to the credit of each depositor, and representing $49.55 per head of the total population of Australia.

—While taking up the floor of an empty house at Patrocinia, Brazil, a poor woman found imbedded in the earth beneath a diamond of the first water and perfect shape, weighing 220 karats. It is the second largest diamond ever found in South America.

The Frenchman Looked Innocent.

Some time since, in a Tremont street store in Boston, a nervous little Frenchman brushed against a pretty trifle of vaseware valued at about $14 and succeeded in getting several score more pieces out of it than had gone into its making. The floorwalked led the abashed Parisian aside and politely explained that the broken vase must be paid for. Monsieur fetched a handful of small silver and copper, mostly foreign, from his pocket, when he was told the value of the trifle.

"Mon Dieu," cried the Parisian, "70 francs!" At this he took out his billbook and discovered a $50 express draft, which the floorwalker instantly seized upon, to the unspeakable horror of its owner.

After deducting the value of the vase the former handed the man his change and dismissed him with a floorwalker's blessing. The express draft reached the bank in due time, with four others, as fraudulent, but the volatile little Frenchman had departed southward with the swallows.—The Bohemian Magazine.

Richter's Conducting.

Countless are the stories told of the geniality of Dr. Hans Richter, the famous musician. A short time ago, while rehearsing a Mozart symphony in which the first violins had a number of delicate trills and turns to perform, these were played too heavily for Richter, who said:

"Please, gentlemen, pianissimo! Queen Mab—not suffragettes."

Again, when on one occasion Richter was not thoroughly satisfied with the orchestra rendering of a scene from "Tristan and Isolde," he stopped the rehearsal and asked for more dignity in the playing, adding that Isolde was the daughter of a king, not of a cook. On another occasion, while rehearsing Tschaikowsky's "Romeo and Juliet" music, the violoncellos had a very passionate melody to play. Richter was by no means satisfied that the needful warmth of expression had been obtained.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," said he, "you all play like married men, not lovers."—London Tribune.

The Wise Man's Jolly.

The man of learning strolled late into the club at about 11 a. m. "It's a strange thing," he told the members present, "but I was shaved this morning by a man who really is, I suppose, a little above the ordinary barber. I know, for instance, that he took a double first class at Oxford, that he studied at Heidelberg afterward, and spent several years in other foreign educational centers. He has also contributed scientific articles to our best magazines, and has numbered among his intimate friends men of the highest social standing. And yet," exclaimed the savant, "he can't shave a man decently!"

"By Jove!" exclaimed the younger members, in astonishment. "But with all these accomplishments what is he a barber for?"

"Oh, he isn't a barber!" exclaimed the bookworm, smiling. "I shaved myself this morning!"—The Pink Un.

Liquid Pronunciation.

Two Scotchmen from the uplands of Lanarkshire, were recently on a visit to London. On the morning after their arrival they discovered that the washstand in their bedroom was minus soap.

After they rang the bell an attendant appeared and asked their wishes. The spokesman, who is habitually a fast speaker, said: "Sen up sape, quick."

The attendane gazed, open-mouthed, at the two Scots, then slowly said: "Not French, not German, nor yet Spanish. What can it mean?"

Becoming annoyed at the delay, the Scotsman said: "Man, can ye no understan plain Scotch?"

Grasping at the last straw like a drowning man at a straw the attendant fled and promptly appeared with—a bottle and two glasses.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

LONG NAMES IN OLD DAYS.

Records of English Parliament Give Prize to Barebones Family.

The search for the longest word naturally suggests a similar search for the longest names bestowed on mortal man. This ought to be discovered in the records of the Long Parliament, according to the London Chronicle, and it would not be surprising if the prize were awarded to If-Christ-had-not-died-for-thee-thou-hadst-been-damned Barebones, who was more popularly if less accurately known as "Damned Barebones."

James, the elder, a person of somewhat lethargic disposition, was Aldiborontiphoscophornia, while the younger and more frivolous John was known as Rigdumfunnidos, or the "Little Picaroon."

A Novel Substitute.

An electrical substitute for the pneumatic tube is on trial by the Berlin postal authorities, with promising results. It consists of miniature electric trains running automatically in a tunnel. Each train consists of a locomotive and three cars, and the double track tunnel in which it runs is six feet wide by two and one-half high, with a trench between the two tracks deep enough for a man to walk in. The current is taken from a conductor running along the tunnel roof, and the trains run quite automatically, stopping by means of electric brakes on reaching their destinations. A block system prevents collisions. This system has been actually in use on an experimental section of track, for some time, and if it is successful, as it seems now likely to be, it will probably be introduced into other European cities.

Origin of Hooligan.

The question as to the origin of the term "hooligan" reminds a correspondent of an unwritten chapter in the history of the metropolitan police, which tells how hooliganism was stamped out in the borough. This, a retired inspector of police informed the writer, was effected by the simple means of drafting into the division every big Irish constable that could be found in London. These naturally rejoiced in the change from peaceful neighborhoods, where their talents were thrown away, and so they hunted the hooligans and fought them with a lightness of heart reminiscent of Donnybrook Fair. In consequence the borough was very soon as safe a place to walk in as Kensington or Piccadilly.—London Chronicle.

Where Meerschaum Is Used as Soap.

"Meerschaum, before its hardening, makes good soap. I have often washed my hands with it."

The speaker, a missionary of unimpeachable veracity, frowned at the incredulous smiles of his guests, and then went on:

"It was in Morocco. There, on the coast, down toward the Atlas mountains, meerschaum is plentiful, far more plentiful than soap. It wouldn't pay to ship it to the Dutch meerschaum carvers—hence it is either used as soap or let alone.

"In the crude state, you know, it is as soft as butter. It rubs into a first rate lather. It removes the dirt fairly well."—Minneapolis Journal.

Fame.

The incumbent of an old church in Wales asked a party of Americans to visit his parochial school. After a recitation he invited them to question the scholars, and one of the party accepted the invitation.

"Little boy," said he to a rosy-faced lad, "can you tell me who George Washington was?"

"Iss, surr," was the smiling reply. "'E was a 'Merican gen'ral."

"Quite right. And can you tell me what George Washington was remarkable for?"

"Iss surr. 'E was remarkable 'cos 'e was a 'Merican an' told the trewth." The rest was silence.—Cassell's Journal.

Protecting the Chicks.

Henry G. Burton of Atchison, whose slum work has given him wide knowledge of the poor, was praising America's many country week associations. "They do a deal of good," he said, "and nothing is more interesting than to go on one of these country week excursions in charge of a lot of slum children who have never seen the country before. A kind-hearted little slum girl in my party saw, one evening, a mother hen about to gather her brood of chicks under her wings. The little girl rushed up to the hen and shouted:

"'Shoo, you ugly thing! How dare you sit down on those beautiful little birds!"—New York Tribune.

A Cure for Toadstool Poisoning.

No sooner do mushrooms make their appearance than cases of poisoning are reported from all parts of the country, due to the inability to distinguish the edible variety from the deadly fungus. A French contemporary points out a simple antidote which is worth consideration. It consists in swallowing every ten minutes a tablespoonful of animal charcoal, crushed as finely as possible, in pure water. This remedy is also said to be efficacious in cases of mussel poisoning and ptomaine poisoning from eating bad meat and fish.—London Globe.

That Awful Routine!

Every employe of the Bank of England is required to sign his name in a book on his arrival in the morning, and, if late, must give the reason. The chief cause of tardiness is usually fog, and the first man to arrive writes "fog" opposite his name, and those who follow write "ditto." The other day, however, the first late man gave as the reason, "wife had twins," and twenty other late men mechanically signed "ditto" underneath. —Everybody's Magazine.

Bad Year for Scottish Farmers.

It is difficult to estimate the total loss on the Scottish grain crop of this season, but if we put the deterioration at the quite moderate figure of £2 an acre for 90 per cent. of the lands under crop, the total is a sum considerably over £2,000,000. The winter loss from using half rotten fodder and from protracted sales of discolored and musty grain is not so easily calculated.—Glasgow Herald.

Rewards of Genius.

The sculptor whose statues adorn our public square, the writer who has given delight to thousands, the man of science whose researches have changed the whole current of modern life, purchase no estates and found no families. And how inadequate is the support offered to their widows and daughters!—Blackwood's Magazine.

Sure Thing.

"I suppose your intention of camping out is tentative?"

"Oh, don't hesitate about that. Yes, there'll be plenty of tents."—Baltimore American.

WOMEN'S COLUMN.

The Bird with a Broken Pinion.

I walked in the woodland meadows,
Where sweet the thrushes sing,
And I found on a bed of mosses
A bird with a broken wing.
I healed the wound, and each morning
It sang its old, sweet strain;
But the bird with the broken pinion
Never soared as high again.

I found a youth, life broken
By sin's seductive art,
And, touched with Christ-like pity,
I took him to my heart.
He lived with a noble purpose,
And struggled not in vain,
But the soul with a broken pinion
Never soared as high again.

But the bird with a broken pinion
Kept another from the snare,
And the life that sin had stricken
Raised another from despair.
Each loss has its compensation,
There are healings for each pain,
But a bird with a broken pinion
Never soars as high again.

—Hezekiah Butterworth.

A Path of Power.

Any mother, considering any child of hers, has cause for discouragement. There is no perfect child; it is not well for a child to be thought perfect. The wise and clear-sighted mother sees, and ought to see, faults in her children that are, in their ultimate tendencies, appalling. It is her duty to get rid of those faults before they develop to a harmful stage. But to do this she has to keep them in their right position with regard to the child's character—and this position is a subordinate one, strictly in the background.

Many a mother loses her power over her children just at this point. She sees a fault in Mary—a grave fault in its probable growth—and she determines to eradicate it from Mary. Mary may or may not be conscious of the defect up to this moment. But after this time the unwise mother keeps it prominently in the foreground of Mary's thoughts until all life seems colored by it. Mary lives in an atmosphere of remembering her defect and either struggling with it or rebelling against discipline. She may or may not be submissive, but she is indubitably uncomfortable. Now, discomfort is no condition of growth, and it is Mary's chief business, like any other child's, to grow. For this main business, something subordinate has been forcibly substituted, and the result is confusion of character, not development.

The wise mother, on the other hand, puts first things first. Mary has a bad fault; it will hinder growth farther on if not attended to. So it is brought before Mary's eyes, but then, before Mary's eyes, relegated to the background as a thing to be promptly outgrown as soon as possible. That is quite enough to make Mary ashamed of it, and reasonable about it. A child does not like a harelip or a hunchback or an ugly fault, and will co-operate gladly to get rid of any of the three. Health and strength are things that children normally desire and follow. If Mary is kept nourished and growing, morally and physically, the fault will be left behind, and no miserable remembrance of nagging and sharp rebuke remain.

If her child is inclined to stutter, the wise mother does not make her nervous by reminding her of it constantly. A far better method of curing it is to teach her to speak slowly and calmly, avoiding mention of the objectionable tendency. If the child begins to tell something and stutters, she is stopped gently and made to begin again slowly. If a boy is awkward and boorish when his mother has guests, she should not scold him about it, but take pains to praise him for every little courtesy, and she will strive to live up to her praise.

To get a wrong thought out of the mind, put in a noble one. To dispel darkness, let in sunshine. To drive out bad temper, teach spirited self-control. These are old rules that many people never seem to reach or understand. Scolding a child rarely helps along an inch. It belongs to the past deed; done and over with. Inspiring a child tells for all the miles ahead. It belongs in the present deed and the long future. It belongs, also, to the most deep and complete power of a mother over her child. The mother who has understood, who has inspired her boys and girls, is never outgrown, never superseded by newer affections. The thought of her remains the fundamental one, to the very end of life. This is the power that every mother longs for—and the power that she can and ought to have, if she is wise enough to hold earnestly to the best things in and for her child.—Harper's Bazar.

Owning a Home.

If you decide to build a home, which, with the lot on which it is to stand, will be valued at $2500, and you have paid $500 or more for the lot and hold a clear title to it, you can do one of two things—borrow the remaining $2000 from a corporation or individual and have the house built with this money by a contractor, paying the money back on the installment plan with interest, or you can induce a contractor to build the house and carry the mortgage for you. If you do not own the lot, then you must have saved for the initial payment to the contractor who owns the lot, and will build the house, an equal amount, $5000 or more in cash. Your payments to either contractor or individual or company holding the mortgages will be due the first of each month directly following the day on which you make your initial payment.

If you have not saved enough money to do this, and you wish to own a home, then you must deal with a promotion or speculative real estate company, which will accept a small deposit, take what is practically rent as installment payments and charge you a figure for the house so exorbitant as to leave the company a large profit.

If you wish to buy a house which has had a year or more of usage, there are various ways of approaching the problem. If the owner wants cash, and you have 20 per cent. of his figure in hand, see a loan company, have the property appraised (this will cost you from $5 up, according to location and prevailing fees in your community) and borrow cash from the loan company, which you pay, together with your own savings, to the owner.

If the owner is willing to sell on a mortgage, you pay him the prearranged initial payment, 10, 20 or 30 per cent., and draw up a mortgage to be paid in instalments. Never, particularly if you are a salaried man, have the straight mortgage which can be foreclosed at any time. Insist upon intalment contracts, with dates for payments clearly defined.

These are the usual methods of obtaining a home. Men and women driven desperate by the struggle to stretch a small salary and the hunger to own a home have brought their ingenuity, keen wit and diplomacy to bear with remarkable results. One family now occupying a beautiful suburban home bought the lot with only a barn on it, moved into the barn to stop paying rent, and by the aid of the rent money and a contractor who was impressed with their sincerity, soon had a house erected. The man repaired the barn and made such simple furniture to insure their comfort while the house was being built. His wife did sewing for her neighbors in what had once been the grain room of the barn.

Another family could not buy a lot and pay rent at the same time, so early one spring they made their first payment on a suburban lot, bought and set up on stout floors two good-sized tents, and lived there until late in the fall. Then during the winter they found a couple of inexpensive rooms, and returned to their tents for another spring, summer and fall.

These are special cases. You can obtain your home by just such simple means. We have shown you that you can save money in the end by owning your home. We have shown you how to go about getting the money to buy it. Future articles will tell you what not to do in selecting the lot and planning the house, will discuss the social, civic and moral advantages to you, your family and the state, and will give more of the always interesting experiences of Companion readers.—Woman's Home Companion.

The English Suffragettes.

J. H. Seaverns, a native of Boston, but who is now a member of the English Parliament, is visiting his native city. When questioned with reference to the woman suffrage movement in England Mr. Seaverns declared that "the whole movement for women's suffrage is one of the burning questions of the hour. We of the Liberal party recognize the inherent justice of their claim," he said, "and we stand for the unrestricted right of all men and women to vote without sex qualification of any sort. But even though we recognize the rights of the suffragettes, we are going about the matter slowly and cautiously. This is the only method to pursue when one remembers that over 50 per cent. of those who have reached voting age in England are women." Mr. Seaverns added that though "they may have made themselves unnecessarily conspicuous by chaining themselves to fences within sight of Parliament, none the less their bravery and staunchness to their cause must eventually win them the battle."—Boston Morning Star.

Cruelty to Performing Animals.

At last the tide is begining to turn as regards the cruelty of compelling animals to perform in circuses, a late very influential recruit being the New York Sun, which not long ago, to the delight of the humane, published a long leader on the subject. It was pointed out that in circuses and similar places of entertainment there is not even the least pretense of relieving the sufferings of mankind or of acquiring any knowledge, either directly or indirectly, which will be beneficial to the human race. This species of cruelty is only by way of amusing an idle and unthinking public.

Attention is drawn to the incident in London when a very famous showman and two of his assistants were brought into court on the charge of cruelly abusing and terrifying an elephant. The crowds which attended the circus performances were highly delighted by an act which consisted in an elephant sliding down a greased chute into a tank of water, the animal being first driven by means of prods and hooks to a high platform, so as to make the descent from a considerable height, and the resultant splash into the water a mighty one. Because a screen was accidentally left open, the shocking abuse of these performing elephants was revealed. When the "behind the scenes" were thus left exposed, a young, terror-stricken elephant was being forced to make the plunge, and the methods employed to this end included fixing ropes round its forelegs and violently pulling and tugging at the ropes to force the elephant down the decline into the water. It refused to move, swayed from side to side, trumpeted loudly and gave vent to shrill cries of pain and terror. The poor thing was then dug in the right cheek six times with the pointed end of a stick, a hook being also thrust into its back. The elephant, between the pain from its wounds and its fears of the plunge, was in a pitiable condition, notwithstanding which it was forced down into the water. This truly horrible treatment was, of course, repeated at every performance. It was admitted at the trial by the trainer that elephants are as sensitive to pain as human beings, even responding to the touch of a match or pin. One shudders to think what the performing ones suffer. In imposing fines on the offenders, the magistrate said it is "much to be regretted that the public should encourage these exhibitions, which, in the nature of things, must involve much cruelty." To this the Sun adds that suffering and terror, it must be obvious to every common understanding, are the necessary preliminaries in teaching animals their tricks.—Vogue.

The Art of Holding Her Tongue.

To answer that far-reaching question seems at first thought to be rather a heavy contract, and yet the more one studies, observes and experiences, the surer one feels the correctness of the answer; a wife may best help her husband by acquiring the art of holding her tongue.

No; that is not meant to be flippant, not intended to be smart at the expense of good manners and good feeling. It is just one of those unpleasant truths that do not well bear being told.

There are thousands of wives who have been able to note the change in a husband's face, his increasing anxiety or deepening depression; who have waited wistfully for a word of confidence, of trust, for a chance perhaps to help him; waited in vain. And all the time the husband may have craved the sympathy and desired the aid of his wife's intuitive cleverness, but—well, there you are. That great "but" results from the fundamental difference between the man's way and the woman's way of treating their common emotions.

When a man is embarrassed by his emotions he hides them as quickly as possible; above all, he never, never speaks of them. A woman analyzes her emotions; be they joy or sorrow, she takes them apart, puts them together again, lives them over, and must talk of them.

So if a husband confides his momentary embarrassment to his wife she shows a quick comprehension of his dangerous position, is sympathetic and offers to make certain economies, to do anything, in short, to help him and is much moved and uplifted by her husband's expressed trust and confidence in her.

Then, just so surely as her two feet are strong enough to carry her, so surely, her husband gone, she will nail on her hat and rush glowing and prideful to her friend Mrs. Brown and tell boastfully of how poor John has consulted with her. She will exaggerate his troubles, not with harmful intention, but simply to heighten her effects and to exalt her own touching devotion.

Now when Brown comes home for dinner, Mrs. Brown will tell the whole story of the Jones' troubles and will add her own exaggerations. The strong note in Mrs. Jones' telling had been her personal importance in her husband's eyes.

The strong note in Mrs. Brown's telling is the dreadful cutting down of this and that expense; how Mrs. Jones and the children will even have to do without the cloaks they have already ordered; "poor things!"

Then Brown cries: "Is Jones as hard hit as that? And we were intending to make him father a little scheme that he appeared just the man for. But we'd better draw back if he is as deep in the mire as all that. I'll go over to Robinson's and tell him how things are with Jones." Then, in an undertone, "what a heaven forsaken fool he was to talk to his wife! She means well, but——"

So the wife who desires to help her husband will do well to acquire the art of holding her tongue; then will she be held as precious above rubies. But for the present, these Biblical words describe the situation perfectly:

"The tongue is a little member, and boasteth."—Clara Morris in New Idea Magazine.

Institution Children Have No Toys.

"I have brought the children some toys," said one of the lady managers to the superintendent of a children's asylum in Brooklyn. And on the floor she showered an armful of rubber animals, the kind that have a delightful whistling squeak when you squeeze them. She came back a month later, and again the children were sitting in rows. "Why, where are their rubber animals?" asked the donor in chagrin.

"Well, now, Mrs. ——," answered the superintendent, "would you yourself take the responsibility of their swallowing the whistles? I wouldn't. So they're all put away."

That's where the toys usually are, "all put away." One institution has them on a high shelf in the infirmary, on the third floor. If a child gets a bad enough croup or a hard enough stomachache, he may look up at them from the vantage-ground of a sick bed. There is almost a toy shop of them—Teddy bears and dolls and horns and tin soldiers—all shiny and new as the day Santa Claus brought them. "They keep so much nicer up there than if we let the children have them," the superintendent told me.

"We couldn't have the things around under foot, you know," said another matron of a home. There are 1500 girls in her care. She was explaining why all the personal property they may possess is limited to the treasures they keep in a spool box. It usually holds a hair ribbon. A fortunate girl may have two or three. Isn't it quite plain why the institutional child manifests a perfect passion for possession? A delighted letter that came back from a little orphan boy taken from a home and adopted by a country family read: "I own two pigs and four goats and three black cats and a calf and they are all mine." He never before had even an acorn, or a string, or a rusty nail that he could treasure in his pocket for his own.—The Delineator.

The Simple Life Not So Easy.

It is easy to talk about the simple life and so hard to live it, for life is not simple any more. Its complications seem unavoidable.

The trouble lies in ourselves; the entire trend of womanly sentiment is away from the things the centuries held dear.

It was not so hard to keep life simple when one's best black silk did duty for a decade. Nowadays if the silk didn't cut into ribbons the cut of the garment would mean the patch box in at least two seasons.

It is the craze for something new that is the undoing of simplicity. Novelty is the keynote of most of our lives. Even friendships and matrimony are getting infected with the microbe of restlessness.

A mother said not long ago: "Baby Louise is so finnicky she will only play with her toys two or three times before she is tired of them and I have to send them off to the hospital."

And the mother seemed to think that it showed a progressive spirit in her child. Such a craving for novelty can mean nothing but unhappiness, no matter what one's ability to gratify it.

If we are ever to become simple again without some dire calamity forcing it upon our country, we must change our views of much that we now think progressive.

We will have to learn to draw a sharp distinction between our necessities and our frills. A woman who is noted for her restfulness and her placidity in the midst of a hard life was asked how she managed to keep unfretted.

"I try to keep my life simple. Long ago I learned that what women possess beyond the real necessities soon grow to be a weariness to the nerves. That more of the unessentials we acquire the more we want. Our most coveted treasure soon grows insignificant in the thought of something still to be achieved. I make my rule of life less change and more repose."

That is a good rule for any harrassed mother or business woman who has come to think life too much for her.

Cranberries.

The cranberry is the least understood and the most abused of any of our domestic fruits. Comparatively few know their possibilities. Quite as few know how to prepare them in palatable form. The expression is common: "You need a barrel of sugar for a barrel of cranberries." This is not true. They are not sugar consumers compared with most fruits.

If users will make the test, they will discover that more sauce with less sugar proportionately can be made from a quart of cranberries than from a quart of any other kind of berry, and if properly made will be tempting and toothsome. A barrel of sugar will sweeten more than three barrels of cranberries. A cranberry shortcake will compare with a strawberry shortcake. Eaten raw, they are a laxative and liver tonic and, like the olive, one can cultivate a fondness for them.

Cranberries are keepers, like the apple, and like apples, require a cool, dry place. It is economy to buy good berries. Never cook in tin or ironware; use porcelain, earthenware or granite. Do not cover with cold water and allow to simmer, steep and stew over slow fire. This makes tough skins, pale, sickly pink, or dark dull red color, and gives acrid flavor. Use boiling water, cook rapidly and not long.

For a good sauce, to one quart of clean cranberries, add one pint granulated sugar; one pint boiling water, place immediately over brisk fire, stirring enough to mix sugar with water and coat berries; cover as soon as berries begin to swell and "pop;" stand by and mash against kettle until every berry is broken, keep them boiling during this operation. By the time berries are all mashed, or having boiled to fifteen minutes, remove from stove and turn into china or earthenware dish. When cold, this should be a beautiful rich red, jellied sauce.

Too Luxurious.

August Belmont, in the smokeroom of the liner that brought him back to America—it was an English liner, and these boats have "smoke" instead of "smoking" rooms—told one afternoon many interesting things about London.

Mr. Belmont described the street near Tottenham Court road where second-hand clothes are sold.

"A discussion I overheard in that street," he said, "will give you some idea of the prices that prevail.

"'I s'y,' said a young man, 'woot price these 'ere?'

"And he held up before the dealer a pair of plaid trousers.

"'I can let you have 'em, my son, for sixpence,' the dealer answered.

"The other threw the trousers back into the barrow.

"'Garn!' he said; 'I don't want a pair for Sundays. I want 'em for workin' in.'"

The Doctor's Helpmate.

One hears a great deal of sentimental talk about the sailor's wife, and even of the trials and troubles of the parson's helpmeet. The doctor's wife, especially if her husband be that hardest working of men, a general practitioner in a country district, combines the disadvantages of the aforesaid two in her own daily experience.—London Daily Mirror.

NO NAPKIN FOR ROOSEVELT.

How "Fighting Bob" Kept Discipline on a Man-o'-War.

As a flag officer, I have always required of the commissary officer of each ship a bill of fare, prepared a week in advance, stating just what would be served at each meal. This, forwarded through his commanding officer, came to me and after examination was passed to the paymaster of the fleet for filing. To be sure that this bill of fare was followed, and the food properly prepared and served, I frequently went on board some ship of the fleet without any previous notice and directed the captain to have a table set for me on the mess deck among the men, and there, in company with the members of my staff and the captain and commissary officer of the ship, took my dinner. The meal was served to us exactly as it was to the men and nothing was permitted on the table which they did not have, is the declaration of Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, in Hampton's Broadway magazine.

On one occasion I took the President to dine in this way with the crew of a battleship, and he had a most enjoyable dinner. The captain was shocked that the President had no napkin to wipe his mouth on, and proposed to send for one, but I assured him that I would not permit one on the table. This custom of mine, like some other of my performances, would have turned the captain of fifty years ago white headed. However that may be, it convinced the men, and also the commissary officer, that I intended to see that those under my command should be properly fed, and the first effect was to stop a vast amount of growling and discontent in the fleet.

FISH WITH A SAIL.

Hoists or Lowers It at Will and Navigates Shallow South Pacific Waters.

Few marine animals seem at first glance to betray less intelligence than the jellyfish. Up with the tide and down with the tide, carried along by this or that current, moving with the eddy of a backwater, hither and thither, the jellyfish has become almost a synonym for helplessness.

Scientifically, of course, the popular idea of the jellyfish is wholly mistaken; but it is perhaps only in tropical waters that he is found in the perfection of intelligence. In the South Pacific, around the islands of Polynesia, and as far south as the upper portion of the North island of New Zealand there is a jellyfish who not only knows where he wants to go, but is even provided with a sail which he can and does hoist or lower at will. The sail, like the rest of this curious animal, is almost transparent, but unlike the body of the fish, which is of the usual gelatinous construction, the sail is a membrane almost as hard as shell.

Round about the Ellice group the navigating fish is often found with a sail measuring five inches across, and he navigates the shallow island waters with the skill of a Hooghly pilot, steering in and out of snaggy places and avoiding obstructions both above and below the surface with unerring skill. Like his cousins in home waters this navigating jelly fish has the power of stinging its natural enemies, and its sting is fatal to fish and dangerous to man.—London Standard.

Hardly Encouraging.

John D. Rockefeller, conversing amiably with a reporter, drove home a remark on inefficiency with a golf story.

"There was a man," he said, "who had no success at golf at all. The more he played, it seemed, the poorer he became. One day his work was particularly bad.

"'Dear, dear,' he said to his caddy, as he looked ruefully at a deep hole in the turf that he had just made with his iron; "dear, dear, there can't be worse players than myself.'

"'Well,' said the caddy, reflectively, 'maybe there's worse players, but they don't play.'"—Washington Star.

Whiskers as Disease Carriers.

The board of the physician, that silky bluff of dignity and wisdom, is doomed if the health commissioner of Topeka has his way about it. He asserts that the flowing whiskers of the family doctor are death conveying germ carriers and that modern hygiene requires physicians to be smooth shaven of chin, jowl and head. The young doctor who clings to the superstition that hair on the face conceals inexperience and inspires confidence may as well take notice.—Washington Post.

A Criticism.

Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the government's famous food expert, was talking at Mackinac island about impure whiskies.

"I once saw an old Kentuckian," said Dr. Wiley, "take up a glass of whisky, sniff it, set it down and shake his head sadly.

"'One thing,' he said, 'was never seen coming through the rye, and that's the kind of whisky they send us nowadays.'"—Washington Star.

Profits in the Cocaine Evil.

It is stated that cocaine is sold at $2.65 an ounce, and that it is sold at retail to fiends at 20 cents for about six grains. There being 480 grains to an ounce, the venders at this rate would realize $16 on an ounce of the drug, a clear profit of $13.35. In view of the enormous profit in this trade, it can be readily realized that the temptation to violate the city and state ordinances is a very great one, and that many of the unscrupulous dealers will resort to almost any trick in order to evade the law.

Bank of England's Water Supply.

It is not generally known that the Bank of England in London has its own water supply. One artesian well, which was sunk some years ago to a depth of 400 feet, gives a supply of 7000 gallons an hour, and as a direct consequence of the high cost of water in the city the bank authorities have placed a contract to sink another well to give such an additional supply as will render the bank independent of the public supply of water.—Tit-Bits.

A Clean Slate.

"Great Scott!" said the doctor to his servant. "Has nobody called during my two days' absence? I left this slate here for callers to write their names on, and it is perfectly clean."

"Oh, yes, sir," responded the servant, cheerfully, "a lot of folks has came. An' the slate got so full o' names that only this mornin' I had to rub 'em all out to make room for more!"—Cleveland Leader.

Emotional England

Ours is a nation of sentiment. We are probably more sentimental, in a tearful way, than any other country in Europe. The strongest man in England can weep when he hears a hymn that used to be played on the organ of the village church when he was a boy, but there is not much depth in the tears. They are not very salt.—Ladies' Field.

Youthful Analyst.

Uncle (inculcating altruism)—And if you are kind and polite to your playmates, what will be the result?

Master Horace—They'll think they can lick me—London Opinion.

SNAPSHOTS OF GAME IN AFRICA

MOVING PICTURE HUNTERS SEEK WILD ANIMALS IN FOREST AND JUNGLE.

BOA CONSTRICTOR IN ACTION.

Experiences of French Hunters in Country President Roosevelt Will Traverse on Trip.

CHASING A BUFFALO HERD

It was announced last week that President Roosevelt had chosen Uganda for the scene of his hunting exploits in South Africa next summer, that he would start from Mombasa, on the coast, thence working his way in the general direction of Victoria Nyanza and then into the great plateau of Uganda, where big game abounds. In this section he will strike the headwaters of the Nile, about Albert Nyanza, which he will slowly follow northward to Khartoum, where Mrs. Roosevelt and friends will probably be waiting for him. Khartoum stands close to the spot where the Blue Nile empties into the main stream of that mighty river, and part of the valley of the Blue Nile will be traversed by the President before he reaches Khartoum. Therefore of particular interest to Americans is an account, with vivid photographs, published in the current number of "L'Illustration," of Paris, describing the adventures of a hunting party that recently returned from the Blue Nile valley, where, with rifle and camera, they had immense success in finding big game in large numbers.

Moving Picture Hunters.

The party was sent out by a moving picture firm of Paris at a cost of 55,000 francs. Their plan was to stalk the game, snap it with the camera in repose before it became alarmed, then fire upon it and trust to luck to catch a succession of negatives as the wounded beast thrashed about in the throes of death or the unwounded ones dashed away for cover. Additional photographs of "still life" were also made when the carcasses of the slain were being skinned or cut up for meat. M. David was the chief huntsman of the party, and Alfred Machin, the chief photographer. Some of his pictures were reproduced by the New York Tribune by courtesy of "L'Illustration." The party consisted of twenty men and twenty camels, to carry their luggage, provisions, cameras, photographic plates, rifles, ammunition, etc.

The first game to attract their attention consisted of gazelles and antelopes, but these they spared, expecting more important quarry. Coming to a district of gigantic trees interwoven with endless vines, they found the woods full of monkeys which had attracted many leopards. Leopards relish monkey flesh and constantly pursue it. Once fairly in the game country the party never lacked fresh meat. Their daily menu contained such dishes as antelope steak, crocodile a la sauce blanche, bouillon of pintado, koodoo ribs, slices of roast boa constrictor, loin of buffalo, wild pork pie and elephant foot. The sight of such viands prepared by a French cook excited the natives, many of whom begged to be allowed to follow and do the chores around the camp if they might receive as their only pay the leavings from the white man's table. So plentiful was the game that on the river banks when the animals came down to drink in the early morning or the late evening it was only necessary to fire one fusillade into them to insure enough meat for a day for the whole party, including the camp followers.

Tracking the Lion.

Where gazelles are, there also will the lion be found. Their roarings could be heard all around by night. Once a big fellow sneaked right up to the camp in the darkness, but the fire probably alarmed him, and he retreated without attacking any of the camels. His spoor was seen next morning. The trackers often came upon carcasses that had been killed and partly devoured by lions, but they never were able to get a snapshot of the King of Beasts at his meals.

Desiring to get some fine negatives of hippopotami at play and feeding, they sought and found a pool in the river which seemed by the tracks on the bank to be a favorite resort of these mighty river horses. At a favorable spot on the bank they built a hut of branches to conceal the photographer and his camera. This was so deftly covered with leaves by the natives that no trace of the hut was visible even to the keen little red eyes of a hippo. The hunters did not have long to wait. Soon the pachyderms were sporting in the water and feeding on river plants. Every once in a while an enormous head would bulge up on the surface, blowing loud and strong from the scarlet lined nostrils. A few turns of the handle of the moving picture camera registered all their flounderings before they dived again. When enough of these reposeful pictures had been obtained a startling variation occurred. A bullet suddenly hit the biggest head in the bunch, and instantly the calm surface of the pool was dashed into foam as the wounded animal rolled about in his agony. The other heads all sank at the sound of the rifle. Presently the wounded beast also sank, and for more than three hours the party watched the still waters for its reappearance. Then slowly the great dead body rose to the surface, to the great joy not only of the camera man, but of the camp followers, who relished its flesh and also have many uses for its tough hide. Much of the flesh was dried by the natives, who simply hang it up in the trees in strips, where the hot sun shrivels it up before it can decay. The bones were disposed of as bait for the hyenas, and photographs of these hideous scavenger beasts were made as they bit and clawed the feast and sometimes one another.

The Boa Constrictor in Action.

While waiting at another spot on the river for crocodile the hunters one day saw a small head, much like that of a serpent, appear above the water. They fired at it several times, and, after each discharge of the rifle, the head would sink, only to reappear again closer to the shore. Finally a bullet took effect, and the animal floated with its white belly up. It proved to be an enormous turtle. While still waiting for the expected crocodiles, a native discovered a boa constrictor in a comatose condition, after a heavy meal, in the bushes. By a skilful throw of a lance the serpent's head was pinned to a log, while his great body twisted, tossed, curled up, extended, contracted and flogged the ground for a long time before death put an end to the exercises. Meantime the camera man was discharging his duty to the backers of the party, and many striking pictures were made of a 12-foot boa exerting himself to the utmost.

Crocodiles Pose Under Fire.

Next day a group of crocodiles was discovered basking in the sun on the sandy side of the stream. The hunters crossed the stream higher up and sneaked down to a point opposite the big reptiles, so as to place the water between them. It was decided to plant the camera first and then fire upon the crocodiles so fast that they would all be killed before they could scramble back into the stream. As they had crawled away from the bank a little further than usual, this was thought not impossible to accomplish, despite the almost impenetrable armor of the quarry. The camera first snapped them as they lay basking in the sun, but they did not make a very lively picture, so the guns opened up with a rattle. At once the lazy reptiles sprang to life and began to scuttle for the water. They thrashed their powerful tails about at a lively rate, scattering sand and pebbles and impeding one another in their clumsy race for the sheltering stream. Volley after volley followed, and one by one the crocodiles ceased to struggle. Not one reached the water alive. Parts of the flesh are edible. The skin sells readily. The fat is reduced to oil. Pebbles found in the stomach are valued by the natives as charms. The livers are used to make poison for lance and arrow heads. The teeth and claws also find a market. Little is wasted of this ugly customer, who is much more useful dead than alive.

Chasing Buffaloes.

The chase of the buffalo gave even more excitement, because it was more dangerous to the hunters. One cannot sit on the bank of a stream and pump lead into this beast with a modern rifle until he gives up the ghost on the spot where the hunter first finds him. The buffalo must be hunted in the tall grass, as high as a man's head, and he charges the hunter whenever he becomes aware of the presence of the intruder. The grass prevents a man from getting away rapidly, but the great weight of the buffalo enables him to tear through it at high speed. To be overtaken by an infuriated buffalo generally means being gored and trampled to death.

One day the party mounted a hill, from the top of which they spied a herd of about sixty buffalo feeding on a stretch of grassy prairie, suspecting no danger. A thick wood bordered the prairie, and the natives predicted that the buffalo would seek shade there from the heat of the sun after they had finished browsing. Accordingly, the party, making a wide detour, stealthily concealed themselves in the wood close to the edge of the prairie, and as the animals began to move toward the forest for a shady spot in which to lie down and chew the cud their movements were successfully photographed. The frolics of the calves made pretty pictures, and sometimes a short, sharp fight between the old bull at the head of the herd and a presumptuous younger fellow would present even livelier action to the camera.

Finally the herd got so near to the party that it was thought advisable to fire on them. Violent commotion among the buffalo followed. The bulls in rage stamped the ground and shook their large and sharp horns. Cows bawled for their calves to come close. All sniffed the air loudly, gazing wildly about, not knowing on which side was the concealed danger. Suddenly the whole herd turned and tore away in the direction of the wind, leaving one wounded bull lying on the ground. Then the huntsmen came out of their ambush and ran toward the prostrate buffalo, but as soon as he saw them he scrambled to his feet in fury and charged them. The party scattered before him in short order, whereupon he turned and followed the retreating herd.

Picking up courage, the hunters followed at a respectful distance the angay beast, which was wounded in the leg and body. In about an hour they overtook him again. This time he was lying down and another buffalo was standing guard over him. A volley from the rifles brought down the guardian buffalo before he could charge. Darkness was then fast approaching, and the camp had been left far behind. It was determined to start back at once before the swift blackness of the tropical night fell upon them, and to return first thing in the morning for the quarry. But when the hunters got back in the morning the guardian buffalo had disappeared. So great is the vitality of this brute and so much lead can he carry away in his carcass without seeming inconvenience that it is no wonder hunters approach him with considerable trepidation.

Negatives of Elephants.

In elephant hunting the party was no less successful, and so many good negatives were procured that the moving picture firm which financed the party does not feel its outlay of 55,000 francs was a poor investment by any means.

RUSSIANS IN SIBERIA.

Half Million Emigrants and Few Go Back Home.

Over 500,000 persons emigrated from European Russia to Siberia during 1907. Of this record-breaking number Vice Consul Chanler of Dalny reports that fewer than ever before returned to their homes.

Every colonist arriving in Siberia receives thirty-seven acres of land free, paying no taxes the first three years and only half the regular taxes for the next three. The report pictures tremendous possibilities for Siberia, whose vast area, it says, is as yet scarcely touched commercially.

Mining has the greatest future of any industry. It is predicted, among other things, that Siberian meat may compete with that from New Zealand and the United States in China and Japan.

The balance of Siberian-Chinese trade is greatly in favor of China. Siberia imports $10,000,000 worth of goods from China annually, almost entirely tea, by caravan, while Siberia only exports to China $750,000 worth of articles annually, and many of these originated in European Russia.

Passing of the British Seamen.

If we prefer to have foreign seamen in our forecastles to the exclusion of our own countrymen, that is our lookout. It may not be patriotic, but if we have nothing to fall back on to man our steamers, they will be welcomed on account of their comparative steadiness as compared with our own men. It has always been the case that the pick of our British seamen will be found in the liners, while the others get what is left.—Nautical Magazine.

Early Railway Station.

The oldest structure in the world originally built for a railway station is the now disused L. X N. depot in Lexington. It was begun in 1833. From the northwest corner of this building the first passenger railway car west of the Alleghenies started on its daily run to Frankfort. It has been used for almost three-quarters of a century and stands as a landmark to remind the present generation of the old order of things in Lexington and central Kentucky.—Lexington Herald.

Church Built of One Piece.

The only temple in the world whose walls, floor and roof are of one single piece was opened recently at Lake street and Forest avenue, Oak Park. It is built of re-enforced concrete, on the Edison plan, of continuous material with no seams. The temple belongs to Unity congregation. Its completion was celebrated with music, speeches and an address by the pastor.—Chicago Tribune.

LAWLESS DAYS IN OLD SKAGWAY

PIONEER OF THE ALASKA METROPOLIS TELLS OF BAD OLD TIMES.

SOAPY SMITH AND HIS GANG.

The Killing of the Leader with the Queer Cognomen Cleared the Atmosphere.

BODIES SUNK IN THE BAY.

John F. Greene, who was the second man to settle in Skagway, Alaska,—that was in July, 1897—was in New York recently and waited over a day to catch the Celtic on his way to Glasgow. He dropped into the New York Sun office to thank the editor for an editorial appreciation of the town of Skagway and its inhabitants which had appeared in this paper some weeks ago. He did this, said Mr. Greene, the pioneer, in behalf of the citizens of Skagway.

The gentleman from Skagway is quiet in his speech and direct in his statements. He is a gunsmith in Skagway and proprietor of a general store, and he has read much during Alaskan winter nights.

"I hardly know what to tell you about our town," said Mr. Greene. "I guess the most interesting part of it is bound up with the reminiscences of the late Soapy Smith. It may be that New Yorkers do not know much about who Soapy Smith was. I don't mind saying a few words about Soapy, although I mean to speak no ill of a dead man.

"I landed in Skagway in July of 1897 just a few months after the first Dawson strikes. I stopped there in Skagway, where only one man and his family before me had stopped, and watched men coming in and trying to get over the pass into the Klondike country. None of them stopped in Skagway. Some came back there and died from the privations they had suffered on the pass and beyond. Some died whose bodies were never found.

"Yet during all this hurry and confusion of the first days of the gold rush we had no disorder, positively none. While there was no law, every man was secure in his property. He knew that where he laid down his cache of provisions there he would find it again. He knew that if anybody laid his fingers on that cache his fingers were likely to stay there. Every man his own judge and jury, and no lawlessness.

Soapy Smith's Debut.

"Then came the marshals and the lawyers and the judges. Then when the bad men realized that they were accountable only to the law they laughed at the law and a reign of hell began in Skagway. It was just at this time that Soapy Smith butted into the history of Alaska.

"This Soapy Smith got his name in Colorado somewhere, where he used to sell soap under a gasolene flare at nights. He came to Skagway and became at once the central figure and brains of as tough a gang of desperadoes as ever worked a border town. The men he had in his gang were gamblers, ex-convicts from the States, halfbreeds from over the mountains and what we called 'coffee and doughnut men.' These latter were boatmen who used to lighter supplies from the ships in the bay before the wharves were built and who got $2 a day and all the coffee and doughnuts they could eat besides.

"These coffee and doughnut men who worked on the bay by day used to help Soapy Smith and his gang dispose of the bodies of men they killed at night. Remember, I know this sounds strange to be heard on Broadway in daylight; but you will find all this in the history of Soapy Smith that Mayor Chris Shea of Skagway wrote. Chris was with me through all that trouble.

"Well, to return, these coffee and doughnut men used to go to the saloon or the shack where Soapy Smith's men had killed a man, sew his body in a sack and take it out into the bay to dump it overboard—and the bay at Skagway is 1000 feet deep. The number of bodies that were sunk down in those cold waters from the glaciers nobody will ever know. A man would come into Skagway one day with gold for which he had worked himself to a mummy; he would be ready to take the steamer next day or next week as the case might be; he would drop out of sight. That was all. The bay is 1000 feet deep, you know."

"Murders were very common, as I was saying," he continued without interruption. "Unfortunately most of the decent citizens of Skagway had good reason to believe that the United States marshal was in the Soapy Smith gang; in fact that marshal left town hastily some time later. With the law thus paralyzed and with Soapy Smith and his men parading town openly, wearing guns, no man could tell what morning would find him in a sack down in the cold blue of the bay. None could trust his neighbor. None knew when the man he counted a friend would shoot him from behind a door as he passed.

His Sudden Death.

"It was known that a big shipment of gold out of Dawson was coming down to Skagway; oh, say, $500,000 worth. It was just as well known that Soapy Smith and the marshal were going to try and get that gold. Smith had his men posted at every portage and road station between Skagway and Dawson to bring news of the setting out of the expedition. It was to be convoyed by Northwest Territory mounted police, a fine set of fighters, but Soapy Smith was determined to tackle that expedition up in the mountains. Just about the time that his plans were ready for execution he died suddenly.

"He died this way: A Canadian by the name of Stewart came into Skagway with $4000. Soapy Smith and his men robbed him and let him go. The Canadian applied for help to the marshal; the marshal laughted him out of his office. Then the Canadian began going around town and telling how he had been robbed. About the same time a negro woman drew $3800 out of the bank and took it to her shack over night, intending to deposit it in another bank the next day. That night she was strangled in her shack and robbed. Mattie Silks, a woman who lived in one of the hotels, heard the marshal, Soapy Smith and two others dividing that money among them in the room next to hers that same night. Mattie Silks told what she had heard, although she was afraid Soapy would kill her.

"The patience of the people in Skagway who didn't rob and murder—and there weren't many of them—broke when these two stories came out. A meeting was called, to be held on the end of the new wharf; there was no other place in town that was safe for such a meeting. We assembled out on the end of the wharf and then we saw Soapy Smith coming. He was half drunk, and he carried a rifle slung across his arm. Soapy was coming alone to break up our meeting.

"You know that was a brave thing for Soapy Smith to do—to come down there alone with a rifle to break up a meeting of fifty. A man may be brave and bad at the same time.

Brave Frank Reed.

"Young Frank Reed, who was city surveyor, went out to meet Soapy alone. He was unarmed, was Frank. A braver man even than Soapy. He walked up to Soapy and laid his hand on Soapy's rifle. Soapy tried to hit him over the head with the butt. Frank grappled with him, and Soapy shot him through the groin. Then Jim Murphy ran up to help Frank, who was still fighting. Together the two men twisted the muzzle of that rifle around until it was against Soapy's chest, then one of them—people say it was Murphy, but I like to think it was Frank—pulled the trigger twice. Soapy died right there, and Frank died four days afterwards.

"The citizens of Skagway took up a collection and erected a handsome monument over Frank Reed's grave up in the cemetery and they named the falls out near the cemetery Reed's falls, in commemoration of his brave deed.

"Then the marshal fled the town, and most of the Soapy Smith gang that we did not round up got out pretty quick also. Since that day there has been much more sunlight around Skagway, and some of the nicest people you would care to meet live there."

MAIL'S LONG CHASE

SACK OF LETTERS FINALLY REACH CRUISER MILWAUKEE.

Chased the Fleeting Warship Sixteen Thousand Miles Before Overtaking Her.

A sack of mail which left New York four months ago has just landed in Bremerton, Wash. Since it left New York it has traveled over sixteen thousand miles in an effort to overtake the United States armored cruiser Milwaukee, for the officers and men of which it was intended. Before it finally caught up with the big cruiser this sack of mail had been to San Francisco, then to Honolulu, and back to San Francisco; next to Panama, then to Honduras, back to San Francisco again, and finally to Bremerton. When a ship is at sea and the length of its stay in any one port is uncertain the navy department directs the relatives and friends of the officers and men of that ship to address all letters for the ship in care of the postmaster at New York. In the general run of things the Milwaukee's mail in the New York postoffice accumulated until there was a well-filled sack of letters and parcels waiting for shipment.

One day in last July this sack of mail was placed aboard a fast mail train and hurried to Chicago, where it was transshipped to one of the transcontinental expresses for San Francisco, where the Milwaukee was in port. But before the mail arrived Commander Rogers of the Milwaukee received a hurry-up order from Washington to sail for Honolulu.

On the day before the Milwaukee was due in Honolulu the sack of mail was started on the same journey in a fast mail steamer, but the Milwaukee was 1000 miles out, bound for Panama, 5000 miles away, when the mail steamer was sighted off Honolulu. Two days later the sack was on its way back to San Francisco, where it arrived in due time, and as the Milwaukee was still between 1500 and 2000 miles out of Panama then, the San Francisco postmaster hustled the bag on a Panama-bound steamer. The cruiser, however, reached Panama first only to be ordered to Amapala, Honduras, a thousand miles to the north, and was well on her journey when the mail steamer arrived. The Panama postmaster found that a vessel was leaving for Amapala within forty-eight hours, and he transshipped the sack of mail to that steamer, but the Milwaukee was steaming full speed back to San Francisco when the sack reached Amapala. The postmaster there forwarded it to San Francisco. Again the sack missed connection, as the Milwaukee had sailed for Bremerton, Wash. Arriving there the cruiser was put in reserve, and the bag of mail again forwarded from San Francisco this time by rail—finally reached the boat, and was delivered to the men.

Shirtwaist Rings.

"Shirtwaist Rings," they are labelled. They are the simple massive rings that some women prefer to wear with morning attire in place of their jeweled rings, which they save for afternoon and evening.

All the various forms of seal rings now popular are included in the shirtwaist ring list, but the name is used more especially for rings of severely plain design set with semi-precious stones of the kinds that will stand hard wear and even soap and water.

Many of the shirtwaist rings are plain bands of twisted or braided gold or silver. Some are fashioned like snakes. Most, however, are stone set.

Turquoise matrix is among the best liked stones, as it is becoming to any hand that has a clear skin. It is usually set in a large oval rimmed with an edge of gold no heavier than is necessary to hold it securely. Many of the turquoise matrix rings are silver, highly burnished or oxodized in very dark tones.

The revived garnet is much used in these rings. It is usually set in cabochon fashion. A frosted gold ring in a deep Etruscan tone has a lion's head for its ornament, and a cabochon garnet is set in the lion's mouth.

A great oval disk of highly polished coral simply set in a rim of gold is the ornament of another ring. Moonstones are much used, usually set in silver, which carries out the silvery quality of the stone coloring.

Lapis lazuli and malachite are used with gold or silver rings. One model has a long narrow stone embedded in the ring so far around the finger that the ring seems made of the stone. Some rings are made entirely of jade, the Chinese lucky stone. Topaz and amethyst shirtwaist rings abound.—New York Sun.

Bad Year for Scottish Farmers.

It is difficult to estimate the total loss on the Scottish grain crop of this season, but if we put the deterioration at the quite moderate figure of £2 an acre for 90 per cent. of the lands under crop the total is a sum considerably over £2,000,000. The winter loss from using half-rotten fodder and from protracted sales of discolored and musty grain is not so easily calculated.—Glasgow Herald.

Character Reflected in Art.

The comparison between the two schools (French and British art) oddly contradicts the popular idea that the Briton takes his pleasure sadly while the Frenchman has fully the capacity for enjoyment; in art, at all events, it is the Briton who seems to be possessed of the happier nature, and to find the greater enjoyment in the light and color of the world about him.—Art Journal.

SANDY HOOK WILL MISS RED "51"

OCEAN SHIPPERS FAMILIAR WITH THE HULL OF THE VETERAN LIGHTSHIP.

SHE NEVER SLIPPED HER CABLE

Yellow Usurper "87—Ambrose Channel —87" Will Soon Replace Old Vessel.

WILL ANCHOR IN OLD SPOT.

It is a matter of only a few weeks now, says the New York Evening Post, before they will take away the old Sandy Hook lightship, down in the lower bay, to make room for the yellow usurper, "Ambrose Channel, No. 87," that is being made ready at the government lighthouse station, off Tompkinsville. Officially, it is merely a change from No. 51 to No. 87, and as such it will be recorded on the government books. But to most people the passing of the Sandy Hook lightship means a good deal more than that.

Seagoing folks are not looking forward to the event that will deprive New York harbor of one of its most conspicuous, if not the most conspicuous, of its water marks, and there is more than one ocean traveler who will miss the familiar red hull after December 1.

It is almost a century since the first vessel was anchored where No. 51 now floats, and in that time there have been three changes. The first ship went into service in 1820, and remained at her post until 1884, when another took her place. No. 51 made her appearance down the bay in 1892—sixteen years ago, that is—and she has clung there through fair weather and through foul (and she has had her full share of the latter, it need hardly be said) without giving the slightest sign that she was ready to give up her post.

They say No. 51 is beginning to weaken, that the strain of sixteen years has told upon her steel sides. That is the way the inspectors and service men put it. Of course, they are right; inspectors are always right. And the mariners and common skippers who hold the other view and say that No. 51 is as strong and as seaworthy as ever she was—well, they have the satisfaction of knowing that they are wrong, or, at any rate, their opinions don't count, which amounts to the same thing.

Resented by Seafaring Men.

So the government at Washington very wisely passed a bill, a bill for the improvement of the harbor, and, among other things in the way of improvements, provided for a new ship that should be painted yellow, and should do No. 51's work better than she could. No. 51 and her crew of thirteen men, and the boatmen of the harbor, received the announcement rather stoically.

Part of the plan, however, was not so agreeable. It was intended, also along the same line of improvement, to do away with the mark which the Sandy Hook lightship had designated for many years. The yellow usurper was to be stationed at the outer entrance to the new Ambrose channel, which connects with the "swash" channel at that point. But there was the rub. Seafaring men would put up with a good many "improvements," but they resented the change that would shift the harbor light several miles to the northeast.

For in the process of years skippers have reckoned their course from the old spot, charts have been made according to it, and when home-coming vessels hove in sight off the Sandy Hook lightship, they knew exactly where they were. If the light were to be moved, they said, it would take years to become accustomed to the change, and all their bearings would have to be revised. Even the landlubber could appreciate this position.

Some of the big navigation companies took up the complaint.

"You may change vessels, if you like," they said, "and you may change the name from Sandy Hook to Ambrose channel, if you like, but please keep the old mark intact."

As a result of it all, the government acquiesced, much to the joy of every pilothouse in the harbor. The yellow usurper, which is officially called "87—Ambrose Channel—87," will be anchored in the self-same spot where its predecessors for nearly a century have stood.

Never Slipped Her Cable.

Along with the history of the Sandy Hook lightship, have grown up many traditions and associations that have helped, no doubt to win for her the respect of every seafaring man that has steered his course by her guiding light. No. 51 has made a record that few ships in the service can equal. She has never slipped her cable, even in the roughest weather, and has ridden out many storms that have brought disaster to others of her kind.

At present, Capt. Sven G. Berglund is master of the Sandy Hook boat. There is a crew of thirteen on the lightship, five officers, five sailors, and three firemen. They are mostly Swedes. Apparently, they are perfectly contented with their lot. Each month, they are allowed ten days leave of absence, but strangely enough, few of them make use of this to go ashore.

First impression of the Sandy Hook vessel is that she is dangerously small for the job. Her lines, of course, are far from graceful; she is what is commonly called a "tub." Her sides are painted an ugly brick red, on which are white letters, "Sandy Hook," with the figures "51" near the bow.

There are two short, stubby masts and a single black smokestack, from which a faint film arises. You wonder what the smoke means.

The Sandy Hook lightship burns a ton of coal a day; her fires are always going. On a moment's notice, she could get up steam and be under way. It is necessary, the captain explains, to take this precaution, because, otherwise, the ship would be absolutely helpless if she should be run down, or her anchor chains should part. However, accidents of this kind have never befallen the ship, although her fires are kept burning year in and year out.

Everything in Duplicate.

Everything on board the Sandy Hook that has to do with the ship's official duties as guardian of the waterways is in duplicate. There are two sets of lights, two generating dynamos, two submarine bells, two anchors, two everything, in fact, that the eye chances to fall on. Each masthead has four swinging lanterns suspended near the top, one group being lighted one week and the other the next. There is also a supply of oil on board, in case the electricity goes wrong. This system is carried out in all the signalling apparatus, as a matter of safety. If the steam fog whistle should refuse to work, for example, there is a huge 1000-pound bell up forward, which works by hand, and is intended to be used in case of emergency.

The anchor chain is enormous, and although there are 120 fathoms of it stowed away in the hold, only a small portion is needed ordinarily. The anchor, itself, which has held the old ship in place since she was stationed there, weighs 75,000 pounds.

Once, it was said, when Capt. Huntley was in command, a heavy fog and rising sea made it necessary to let out more cable in order to ease ship. About thirty fathoms of cable was paid out, and as the vessel settled down to ride the seas more comfortably, a big ocean-bound schooner loomed up out of the mist and passed by within scarcely 2 feet of the Sandy Hook's red bows. Had not the chain been let a moment before, there would undoubtedly have been a collision, and there is no telling what would have happened to the Sandy Hook.

Goes to the Boneyard.

When the time comes for Ambrose channel No. 87 to take command of the harbor, Capt. Berglund and his crew will transfer their belongings and take possession of the new ship. It will be a matter of a few days to move from one vessel to the other, but on December 1, or thereabout, the Sandy Hook will be abandoned and left to lie in idleness at the government station in Staten island, where she will become a reserve ship, ready to step in and take the place of any of her kind that, for one reason or another, are crippled and in need of repairs.

NINE ELEPHANTS TO A MAN.

Huge Bag Made by Nine Dutch Hunters in South Africa.

To secure a bag of eighty-one elephants in these prosaic days will seem like a dream to most sportsmen, but the feat has just been accomplished by J. W. Viljoen and eight other Dutch farmers in the Lomagundi district. The government has just thrown the district open for the destruction of elephants, and this enormous bag was made within sixty miles of the capital of Rhodesia, and near the railway.

Viljoen and his party pitched their camp at Maquadzio, the center of the elephant district, and divided up into pairs, a fact which nearly led to a fatality, for going through the bush Viljoen encountered his first elephant, which he shot. As this fell another one crashed through the trees at the back of the hunter, and pursued him, once striking the horse with his trunk, until Viljoen succeeded in reaching clearer ground, where he found himself thirty yards ahead of his pursuer. Slipping off his horse, he fired at the elephant and killed it.

One incident marred the sport, and that was the accidental shooting of a member of the party named Eloff. Eloff and three companions paired off and walked a distance of about fifty yards apart, when Eloff and his friend suddenly saw two elephants. They fired, but only succeeded in shooting off a tusk of one of the animals, who promptly charged them. Eloff made in the direction of the men in front of him, and they, seeing the beast crashing through the brush behind them and ignorant of Eloff's whereabouts, fired at the elephant, and while one bullet despatched the elephant, the other found a billet in Eloff's neck, killing him instantly.

The party came back to the Transvaal the richer for 2000 pounds of ivory and seven young elephants. The first one was captured when half grown. It was feeding with four grown elephants, all of which were shot, and then the little one, instead of running away, made for the hunters, two of whom seized its tail, while the two others hung on to each ear, and there was a tussle for half an hour, after which the elephant was rolled on its back and its feet tied with the horses' reins. It was then fastened to a tree, and the next day driven into camp. After a day or two it became so docile that its attentions were rather a nuisance, for it tried to tread on the hunters' toes, helped itself to all the available food, and would put its trunk into the cooking pots and take out anything it fancied, while it would follow the natives down to the stream for a drink.

On the record day twenty elephants were shot and two little ones captured; Viljoen's unaided efforts accounted for eighteen of the twenty slain. These two elephants speedily became docile, and now that all the captives are in a proper kraal they have become quite acclimatized to their new surroundings and are both playful and friendly.—Rhodesia Herald Weekly.

Uses of Salt.

Salt can almost be regarded as a panacea, so many and varied are its uses.

We are told that it cleanses the palate and furred tongue, and a gargle of salt and water is often efficacious.

A pinch of salt on the tongue, followed ten minutes afterward by a drink of cold water, often cures a sick headache. It hardens gums, makes teeth white and sweetens the breath.

Cut flowers may be kept fresh by adding salt to the water.

Weak ankles should be rubbed with a solution of salt, water and alcohol.

Bad colds, hay fever and kindred affections may be much relieved by using fine dry salt like snuff.

Dyspepsia, heartburn and indigestion are relieved by a cup of hot water in which a small spoonful of salt has been melted.

Salt and water will sometimes revive an unconscious person when hurt if brandy or other remedies are not at hand. Hemorrhage from tooth pulling is stopped by filling the mouth with salt and water.

Weak and tired eyes are refreshed by bathing with warm water and salt.

Many public speakers and singers use a wash of salt and water before and after using the voice, as it strengthens the organs of the throat.

Salt rubbed into the scalp or occasionally added to the water in washing prevents the hair from falling out.

Feathers uncurled by damp weather are quickly dried by shaking over a fire in which salt has been thrown.

Salt should always be eaten with nuts, and a dessert fruit salt should be specially made.—Family Doctor.

The Only Woman Jailer.

There is only one official woman jailer in the world. Her name is Jenny Porchet, and she lives in Switzerland. She is governor and warder of the prison of Aigle, in the Rhone valley.

It came about in this way.

Thirty years ago Mme. Porchet married the chief warder of the prison, and soon proved to be a helpmeet indeed, for, being a strongly built woman, and with proper notions of discipline, she made as good a jailer as her husband, and more than once did his work when he was ill or away.

So when he died the authorities asked her to take his place permanently, and she accepted.

All the year round the Aigle prison contains from twelve to twenty male prisoners, sentenced to terms of imprisonment ranging from three months to three years, and although the woman jailer has no assistants she has never had any trouble with the prisoners—except, indeed, on one occasion many years ago, when a burly ruffian attacked her.

Mme. Porchet taught him a lesson in good behavior that confined him in the hospital for several weeks.

Strict disciplinarian though she is, the woman jailer has the kindliest of hearts, and takes great interest in her "guests," as she calls them. Many a prisoner has been set on the straight path again by her wise and kindly advice.—Tit-Bits.

There'll be very few things that she's missed When the maiden is through with her list.

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T. M. JACKSON,

Jeweler AND Optician

104 W. SECOND ST.

CHANCE FOR NEW INDIANA AUTHORS

If You Have a Good Nature Yarn Send It to Blatchley.

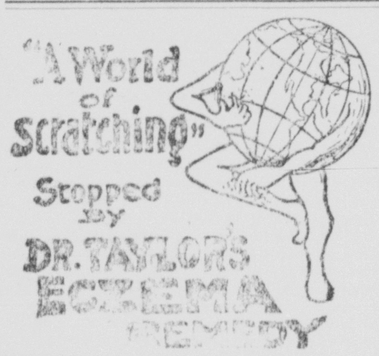
GEOLOGIST WANTS TO KNOW

With a View to Compiling All There Is to Know About the Bears and Things That Once Haunted Indiana Forests, State Geologist Blatchley Asks All Who Have Any Information Bearing on the Subject to Communicate the Story to Him and Have It Preserved in Forthcoming Official Report.

Indianapolis, Dec. 14.—W. S. Blatchley, state geologist, will issue an historical account of all animals from mice and moles to bears and bison that have ever lived in Indiana in connection with his report for 1908. The work will also include a treatise on the best manner of exterminating the existing pests of the animal family.

The work is being prepared by Walter L. Hahn, a graduate of Purdue university, who was for two years connected with the government geological survey at Washington. In order to make the account as complete as possible, Mr. Blatchley has asked that farmers, hunters, trappers and old settlers furnish him with information regarding various species of animals that have been known in different parts of the state.

He also desires information regarding the time of the disappearance of such animals as deer, wildcats, wolves, beaver, otter, coyotes and bears. Persons who have such information are asked to send it to the state geologist'



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Promptly and Pemanently Relieved by

DR. Taylor's Remedy

Never known to fail. Most stubborn and distressing cases, permanetly cured. No cure—no pay—that's the guarantee.

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W. F. PETER DRUG CO.,

SEYMOUR, INDIANA.

Building Material

For the Best at the Lowest Price Delivered on Short Notice, See

Travis Carter Co.

TESTED AND PROVEN

There is a Heap of Solace in Being Able to Depend upon a Well Earned Reputation.

For months Seymour readers have seen the constance expression of praise for Doan's Kidney Pills, and read about the good work they have done in this locality. Not another remedy ever produced such convincing proof of merit.

Mrs. Jesse Buckels, of 20 Jefferson Ave, Seymour, Ind., says: "I was in a very bad condition when I started using Doan's Kidney Pills. I had a dull aching across my loins which caused great pain if I attempted to stoop or lift anything. The kidneys secretions were much disordered and caused me a great deal of embarrassment, I also suffered from nervousness and dizzy spells." Statement given in 1899.

On Oct. 1906 Mrs. Buckles confirmed the above, saying: "I have never suffered the least symptom of kidney trouble since useing Doan's Kidney Pills in 1899. I am very glad to give them my endorsement."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States. Remember the name Doan's and take no other.

Woodmen to Meet at Fort Wayne.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Dec. 14.—The Modern Woodmen of America in Indiana are planning for this city Dec. 21 the greatest meeting, excluding the national head camp meeting, ever held in the state. Lodges from all northern Indiana will in a great many instances attend in a body and practically all of the state officers will be present.

Had a Close Call.

Mrs. Ada L. Croom, the widely known proprietor of the Croom Hotel, Vaughn Miss., says: "For several months I suffered with a severe cough and consumption seemed to have its grip on me, when a friend reccommended Dr. Kings New Discovery. I began taking it, and three bottles affected a complete cure." The fame of this life saving cough and cold remedy, and lung and throat healer is world wide. Sold at W. F. Peters drug store. 50c. and $1.00. Trial bottle free.

Watson Chosen as Orator.

Huntington, Ind., Dec. 14.—Huntington county's new court house, built at a cost of $460,000, will be dedicated Dec. 29. James E. Watson will be the principal speaker at the dedicatory exercises, which is now being planned as the greatest public event held in the city for years.

Where Bullets Flew.

David Parker of Fayette, N. Y., a veteran of the Civil war who lost a foot at Gettysburg, says: "The good Electric Bitters have done is worth more than five hunured dollars to me. I spent much money doctoring for a bad case of stomach trouble, to little purpose. I then tried Electric bitters, and they cured me. I now take them as a tonic, and they kept me strong and well." 50c at W. F. Peters drug store.

Sudden Death of Judge Baldwin.

Logansport, Ind., Dec. 14.—Judge Daniel P. Baldwin, former attorney general of Indiana, distinguished as a financier, lecturer and traveler, trustee of Wabash college and prominent as a politician, dropped dead Sunday at his home. Apoplexy is given as the cause

A Healthy Family.

Our whole family has rejoiced in good health since we began using Dr. Kings New Life Pills, three years ago." says L. A. Bartlet, of Rural Route 1 Guilford Maine. They cleanse and tone you good 25c. at W F. Peters drug store.

THEY WANT TO KNOW

Exposition Boomers Seeking a Little Inside Information.

Indianapolis, Dec. 14.—At the direction of the subcommittee of the exposition committee appointed by the Commercial club to investigate the possibility of holding a national exposition in Indianapolis, letters have been sent to persons interested in all expositions held in this country since the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876, asking for detailed data about the projects.

A multitude of questions are included in the communications. Every feature which will be of value to the committee in determining the advisability of an exposition in Indianapolis is asked for in detail. When replies have been received to all the letters, Secretary R. G. McClure, member of the subcommittee, believes that those interested in the proposed exposition here will be supplied with all necessary information.

The communications ask what methods were employed in launching former expositions; what opposition developed in the beginning, if any, and what steps were taken to bring the plans to successful completion. Figures relative to the effect on the exposition city, including the effect on real estate values, are requested.

The outlook is very favorable to the enactment of a law by the coming legislature providing for a uniform system of bookkeeping for all public offices. Nearly all the Republican senators expressed themselves in favor of the plan. Governor-elect Marshall is in favor of it and he was here conferring with the Indianapolis Merchants' association regarding the plan. The association started the movement and is pleased with the approval it is receiving from one end of the state to the other. When the Democratic members of the legislature meet here tomorrow it is believed that they will take a decided stand in favor of the proposed law.

Would Mortgage the Farm.

A farmer on Rural Route 2. Empire Ga., W. A. Floyd by name, says: "Bucklens Arnica Salve cured two of the worst sores I ever saw: one on my leg and one on my hand. It is worth more than its weight in gold. I would not be without it if I had to mortgage my farm to get it. Only 25c at W. F. Peters drug store.

DR. B. F. YOUNT,

VETERINARY

Has Located in Seymour at Hopewell's Brick Barn on Jeffersonville Avenue. Calls Answered Promptly.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

Prescriptions A Specialty

GEORGE F. MEYER'S DRUG STORE

BATHS

Take Turkish Salt-glow Baths for all kinds of Lung Trouble.

AHLERT'S TURKISH BATH ROOMS

HAINS TRIAL OPENED TODAY

Interest In Sensational Shooting of Annis Revived.

TRAGEDY DUE TO FAMILY ROW

Domestic Unhappiness in the Family of Young Army Officer Is Said to Have Precipitated Tragedy Which Created Such a Sensation in Eastern Society and Army Circles Last August—The Defendant on Trial Today Charged With Being Abettor of His Brother, Who Is Charged With Murder of William E. Annis.

New York, Dec. 14.—Public interest in the Hains-Annis murder case, which has never really flagged since the shooting to death of William E. Annis of Bayside, N. Y., on Aug. 15, 1908, by Peter C. Hains, Jr., was revived today by the opening of the trial at Flushing, N. Y., of Thornton Jenkins Hains, brother of Captain Hains.

T. Jenkins Hains is accused of being as guilty of the shooting as his brother. He is charged not only with counseling and aiding his brother in the actual shooting, but also with assisting him by holding back the crowd

THORNTON J. HAINS.

that might have succored Annis. After Captain Hains had emptied his revolver into the body of Annis, in the presence of a throng of persons witnessing a boat race on a hot summer afternoon, in the full light of a glaring sun, his brother aimed at the crowd his own pistol, ordering them to "Stand back!" According to the prosecution, in so doing he rendered himself equally guilty of murder with his brother.

Hains' Defense

In justification of his actions T. Jenkins Hains asserts that he was actuated by fraternal affection and sought only to prevent the summary execution of lynch law on the body of his younger brother. He also declares that he tried to avert the tragedy.

Peter C. Hains, Jr., who was a brilliant young army officer before his troubles began, and T. Jenkins Hains, a well known writer of stories of adventure, are the sons of General Peter C. Hains, U. S. A., retired, formerly chief of the engineer corps of the United States army. The maternal grandfather of the young men was Admiral Thornton Jenkins of the United States navy. T. Jenkins Hains is forty-two years old and a widower.

Cause of the Trouble.

The trouble in which the young men find themselves is due to the marital disturbances in the life of the younger brother. He accused his wife, Mrs. Claudi Libby Hains, a beautiful young woman, with misconduct with William E. Annis, who was a publisher and advertising man, and sued her for divorce, naming Annis as co-respondent. The suit is now pending. The Hains family assert that Captain Hains was crazed by his domestic unhappiness and took the law into his own hands in a time of temporary insanity. His charges are denied by Mrs. Hains. The four young children of the couple are now in the care of General Hains and his wife.

Since the shooting both Captain Hains and T. Jenkins Hains have been in confinement. The former has given evidences of mental unsoundness, and no date has been set for his trial. According to his attorneys, however, he is improving rapidly and may be well soon.

Double Domestic Tragedy.

Roodhouse, Ill., Dec. 14.—William Barnhart, a switchman on the Chicago & Alton railroad, late Saturday night shot and killed his bride of three months and then walked to the Roodhouse hotel, where he killed Carl Clapp, an elevator agent. The cause of the crime is not known. Clapp was married and had three children. Barnhart gave himself up.

Castro at Cologne Today.

Cologne, Dec. 14.—President Castro arrived here at 11 o'clock last night from Paris, and will continue his journey to Berlin today.

Often The Kidneys Are Weakened by Over-Work.

Unhealthy Kidneys Make Impure Blood.

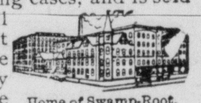
It used to be considered that only urinary and bladder troubles were to be traced to the kidneys, but now modern science proves that nearly all diseases have their beginning in the disorder of these most important organs.

The kidneys filter and purify the blood—that is their work.

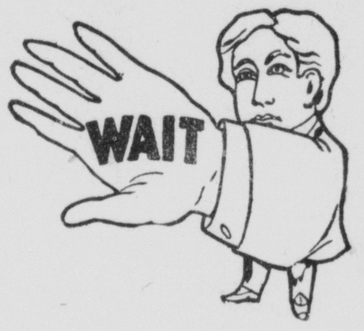
Therefore, when your kidneys are weak or out of order, you can understand how quickly your entire body is affected and how every organ seems to fail to do its duty.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking the great kidney remedy, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, because as soon as your kidneys are well they will help all the other organs to health. A trial will convince anyone.

If you are sick you can make no mistake by first doctoring your kidneys. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's **Swamp-Root**, the great kidney remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its wonderful cures of the most distressing cases, and is sold on its merits by all druggists in fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles. You may have a sample bottle by mail free, also a pamphlet telling you how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. Mention this paper when writing to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Swamp-Root, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root and the address, Binghamton, N. Y. on every bottle.



Home of Swamp-Root.



Until you've seen our Pianos before buying. You'll be so pleased with them in so many particulars that you'll decide then and there to buy.

Our prices on instruments will strongly appeal to your sense of fairness and economy.

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COAL AND Kindling

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Sunset Violets

And many other new Perfumes, in bulk and packages, including Toilet Waters and Sachets, received this week at COX'S PHARMACY. It will well repay you to peep in at our show window once each day. You will see many valuable holiday suggestions. Don't fail to consult the "boss" of this busy establishment, if you're in need of holiday advice. Consultation free

Cox Pharmacy

Coal at $2.70

PER TON.

Island City Pure Lump Coal, best in the state and as good as comes to Seymour, excepting none, at $2.70 per ton delivered. You can leave your order at Dr. Sherwood's office or Telephone Number 499, or with me.

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Sciarra Bros., Tailors,

For the GENTLEMEN only. Suits made in 3 days, trousers in 48 hours. Fit and workmanship guaranteed. Also cleaning, pressing and remodeling of LADIES' and GENTS' garments. 4 S. Chestnut St., Seymour.

We Were Arrested For

Selling Goods Too Cheap

We are Here to Stay and Bust the Trust of High Prices

This Bankrupt Stock of the Worth More Clothing Co., of Lexington, Ky., must be sold in the next seven days. In last week's papers we advertised a ten days' sale, but owing to our arrest the store was closed from Thursday until Saturday, forcing us to obtain an EXTRA SEVEN DAYS to dispose of the stock, to pay off the creditors. The merchandise consists of HIGH GRADE MEN'S AND YOUNG MEN'S SUITS, OVERCOATS, SHOES AND FURNISHINGS, which we placed on sale today at TRUST BUSTER PRICES. It will pay you to come many miles to lay in your supply of these articles.

WORTH MORE Clothing Co.

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